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CONCERNING THE SMETHPORT HOSE COMPANY

An Organization that is a Credit to the Borough.

HELD A BANQUET THURSDAY NIGHT

Which Was Largely Attended—Some Interesting Facts About the Career of the Company.

The Smethport Hose Company enjoyed its annual banquet and dance at the hose house last Thursday evening. The members brought their wives, sweethearts, sisters, etc., and it is estimated that nearly 100 people were in attendance.

The large dining room was filled to overflowing several times before all were served, but there was excellent service for all, and the collation was composed of delicious viands of satisfactory variety.

Chadwick's orchestra was in attendance and furnished music for the dancers who enjoyed themselves in the ball room until an early hour Friday morning. For those who wished more quiet amusements the parlor was at their disposal for cards and other games.

The program issued on this occasion was a neat and interesting booklet, illustrated with the cuts which accompany this article, filled with reading matter concerning the company contributed by various persons, and attractive advertising. The typographical work on the program was accomplished by Roy Stark and Webb Hopper, two members of the company who are printers, and it was issued from the MINER office.

The following committees had the affair in charge: W. C. Stark, chairman; J. L. Morrison, entertainment; Earl Hafner, dance; F. H. Hungiville, program; C. B. Corwin, Joseph McCabe, J. E. Mundy, Rex Stark, Leo Digel, banquet; F. W. Brownell, Guy H. McCoy R. E. Burdick, reception. These gentlemen and their able assistants deserve much credit for making the affair a complete success.

SOME FIRES OF THE PAST.

In looking back over the history of this company the fact is brought home that it is an excellent organization which has done much for the welfare of Smethport. It has always maintained a high degree of efficiency, and although upon various occasions having to labor under difficulties caused by inadequate equipment, low water pressure or disabled hydrants, it has always given a very good account of itself when in active service.

Some of its performances can certainly be pointed to with pride. One in particular that has often been favorably mentioned was the fire that gutted the wooden building on Main street on the site now occupied by the Rabin building. That a great conflagration did not result at that time is truly remarkable, and due entirely to the fact that the firemen were promptly on the scene and made a skillful and tireless fight. These same words will apply to the fires which at different times threatened to destroy the buildings occupied by G. A. Denning and J. F. Rooney. In all three cases these fires were in wooden buildings adjoining other structures of similar material and in every case the fire was confined to the building in which it started. A dozen other examples of this kind could be cited.

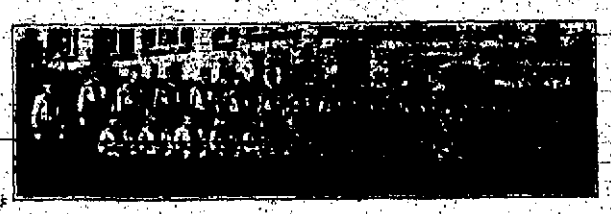
Great work was accomplished at the time of the Bennett House fire, the first big blaze that the company was called upon to combat. Another shining example of efficiency was the work at the time Will Taylor's building, on the site now occupied by Holmes & Gilfillan's establishment, was burned. A sleet storm was raging, accompanied by a gale of wind, but the fire was confined to the destruction of the one building, although a dozen others were threatened.

From that time up to the present the list contains some destructive fires such as the extract works, saw mill fires, the Baptist church, Grand Central hotel, Kittredge opera house, Purtle's big buildings and Palmer's livery barn on Water street, the Catholic church and several others, but in every instance it is plainly seen that the excellent work of the firemen prevented more extensive damage.

The following sketches are taken from the program used at Thursday night's banquet:

HISTORY OF THE COMPANY.

The Smethport Hose Company was organized in the autumn of 1881. Nearly all of the business and professional men of the borough were greatly interested in its organization and were enrolled as its members. On Saturday, Dec. 3, 1881, the first meeting for the purpose of electing officers and adopting a constitution and by-laws was held at the Grand Central Hotel and the following officers were elected: Sheridan Gorton, president; W. F. Specht, vice president; Geo. R. Brownell, secretary; M. L. Armstrong, treasurer; W. P. Walsh, foreman; H. L. Wilson, 1st assistant foreman; John Russ, 2nd assistant foreman. The first fire to which the company was called was on Feb. 23, 1882, in the office



SMETHPORT HOSE COMPANY IN THE EIGHTIES.

of Geo. R. Moore's livery stable, a small building near the Bennett House barn. The fire was quickly subdued. The next fire and the first of consequence which occupied the attention of the company was on the morning of Tuesday, April 11, 1882. The hose boys were enjoying a dance at the opera house, when the alarm of fire sounded, about 1:30 a. m. In less than a minute there was no one left at the dance. The hotel known as the Bennett House was in flames. The fire was not conquered until about 6 a. m. Considerable evidence was found which showed the fire to be of incendiary origin. Later in the year the hotel was set on fire, and this time the effort to destroy the old landmark was successful. At this fire the building across the street west of the hotel occupied by William Haskell as a general store and in which was the banking office of Henry Hamlin, and the law offices of Sherrett & Rose was burned. Neither of these buildings have ever been replaced. Many of the charter members of the company are still carried on the rolls as exempt firemen. Their places in the active duties have been supplied by younger men, some of whom are sons of the old members, and many of the present active members were not born at the time of the company's organization. This sketch would be more satisfactory to the writer could he give the names of the principal officers for the first 12 years, but this first minute book cannot be found and he does not like to rely entirely upon his memory; but he does, however, remember that

SMETHPORT HOSE COMPANY IN 1905.

Fred W. Brownell, C. S. King, B. L. Knapp, S. J. Gifford, James McGuier, T. F. Richmond, D. M. Brasted, S. E. Bell and others have held the office of either President or Foreman of the company, and some of them both offices. That the work of this company has been of great benefit to the borough, no one can deny. It is still a very strong organization, with officers bent on making this association one of the leading companies in the county. The citizens of the borough have been liberal in their support of our fire organization and we confidently hope that they will continue to help us, as we believe the company is deserving.

THE OLDEST VOLUNTEER FIREMAN.

B. L. KNAPP.

B. L. Knapp of the Smethport Hose company is probably the oldest volunteer fireman in active service in the United States. He was 78 years old in January and has been a volunteer fireman for 60 years. His first service was with the Roxbury, Mass., fire department in 1848, he being then 18 years of age. Later he served in Boston, Mass., and in other places in that state, also in Maine. Away back in the days when Chicago had a volunteer fire department Mr. Knapp served in a hose company in that city, and has been a member of other companies in Illinois. When the Smethport Hose company was organized in 1881, Mr. Knapp was a charter member and has been in continuous service with this company ever since. He has always taken an absorbing interest in everything pertaining to fire-fighting work, and during his career has seen many destructive conflagrations, has worked hard and faithfully, and has certainly done his share in combating the flames. In his younger days Mr. Knapp was a clever amateur athlete and sprinter and has been a member of various hose running teams during his life. The last race in which he participated was as a member of Smethport Hose company and he gave a good account of himself, although close to sixty years of age. During his membership with Smethport Hose Company he has held nearly every office in the organization, some of them several times. At the conclusion of a term as President some years ago he was presented with a valuable gold badge by the members and he prizes the token very highly. He is perhaps more closely identified with the history of the company than any living member; he takes great pride in its welfare and is always ready to do his best for the organization. Mr. Knapp is also a member of the Northwestern Volunteer Firemen's Association.

M. L. ARMSTRONG.

No history of Smethport Hose company is complete without particular mention of M. L. Armstrong. Ever since the organization of the company Mr. Armstrong has held the office of Treasurer. For twenty-seven consecutive terms he has been elected to this position, which is the highest proof of the esteem in which he is held by the members. It is safe to say that during Mr. Armstrong's life—and we all hope it will be a long one—Smethport Hose company will have no other Treasurer.

PRESENT OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

Guy McCoy, president; Thomas Cole, vice president; Fred Hungiville, secretary; M. L. Armstrong, treasurer; J. W. Waite, foreman; W. C. Stark, 1st asst. foreman; C. B. Corwin, 2nd asst.; J. E. Mundy, S. S. Fry, B. L. Knapp, trustees.

Exempts—members who have served five years or more—M. L. Armstrong, J. H. Belyea, F. W. Brownell, A. S. Burdick, R. E. Burdick, D. M. Brasted, H. L. Backus, Peter Conley, C. B. Corwin, Barg Chadwick, E. T. Daly, Wm. Digel, S. S. Fry, S. J. Gifford, Warley Gifford, L. D. Gifford, Sheridan Gorton, Sr., Sheridan Gorton, Jr., Rex Gorton, F. D. Gallup, W. H. Hungerford, B. L. Knapp, N. H. Knapp, Norman Keefer, Frank Kerns, C. S. King, Fred Lyman, Wm. McCammon, James McGuier, T. H. Purtle, A. H. Pierce, Sr., A. H. Pierce, Jr., Dennis Quinlisk, John Rooney, Samuel Ramer, N. D. Ramer, F. C. Sartwell, Washington Stark, F. J. Vickery, W. P. Walsh.

Actives—members who have served less than five years—Lloyd Armstrong, E. E. Andrews, Wm. Andorfer, Harold Backus, Edward Bates, S. E. Bell, Thos. Cole, John Conley, C. C. Choate, John Chapman, Ross Colegrove, Leo Digel, John Digel, Frank Denning, Frank Dunbar, Raymond J. Day, C. B. Eckert, B. T. Garlick, M. S. Geary, W. H. Gallup, J. M. Hornlein, Fred H. Hungiville, Harry Haley, Earl Hafner, Webb Hopper, Russel Lindsley, J. E. Mundy, J. L. Morrison, Guy McCoy, Joseph McCabe, Harold McCarty, W. A. Ostrander, Frank Purtle, Fred Purtle, H. S. Rabin, E. W. Strong, W. Roy Stark, W. C. Stark, Rex Stark, John W. White, Fred Wendell, Edward Walker, F. P. Whalen, R. C. Wetenhall.

FIREMEN'S RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

This Association has been granted a charter by the courts of Pennsylvania, and was fully organized on Friday, February 14th, 1908. The following Board of Directors was elected to serve until Jan. 1, 1909: J. W. Waite, president; E. W. Strong, vice president; F. H. Hungiville, secretary; M. L. Armstrong, treasurer; Sheridan Gorton and Guy McCoy. The object of this Association is to provide for and maintain a fund, from the monthly dues of its members, from legacies, bequests, gifts, and other resources, for the relief support and burial of members who may be crippled or killed, or who may be prevented from attending to their usual occupation or calling, on account of chronic ailments caused through exposure or accident while doing public fire duty, and for the purpose of placing on the pension list such members as may be retired from the fire department on account of permanent injuries or disability caused through accident, or by term of service, and for the widows, orphans and dependant parents of members who may be killed or die from injuries received while in the discharge of their duty as firemen, and for such expenses necessary for the maintenance of the Relief Association.

Car Robbers in Jail.

Erie railroad detectives, with the help of the Bradford police, have succeeded in landing in custody Edmund Voos, John Madzak, Ojenon Wonk and John Hassek, four Poles, who are charged with breaking into freight cars and stealing therefrom goods of various descriptions. The men were given a hearing Saturday afternoon and were each held in the sum of $500 for their appearance at court. In default of bail they were brought to Smethport Monday and lodged in jail.

Friday last the authorities searched John Madzak's house in Bradford and hundreds of articles stolen from freight cars were found. The plunder consisted of cigars, cut glass articles, men's hats, surgical instrument, rubber goods, etc., and the railroad detectives were able to tell to whom some of the freight had been consigned.

Ed Voos is said to have made a confession and seemed to wish to have the responsibility of the robberies placed upon him alone. Madzak is held on the charge of receiving stolen property. The gang has not lived in Bradford very long and the members are said to have come from Buffalo.

Saturday another house in Bradford was searched and more stolen property was found. It is thought that the men now under arrest are members of a regular band of car thieves with headquarters in Buffalo. Their methods give the impression that they are clever criminals, but the Bradford police are of the opinion that they have enough evidence against them to implicate them with a long series of car robberies.

New Trial for John Capero.

The superior court has reversed the decision of the lower court in the case of Commonwealth vs John Capero, who was tried and convicted in Smethport at the February term of court, 1907, on a charge of rape. He was sentenced to 12 years imprisonment in the Western penitentiary.

The allegation was made that Capero was criminally intimate with a 7-year-old child of Peter Monago of Lewis Run. There were technical questions involved in the matter and Thomas H. Morrison and the late Hon. T. F. Richmond, attorneys for Capero, appealed the case to the superior court, with the above result.

Capero will be returned to Smethport for a new trial. It is claimed that it may be impossible to again prosecute him, as it is said the whereabouts of the Monago girl and other witnesses is unknown.

The Spirits Say Use Turpentine.

In last week's MINER an item appeared regarding the strange disease that was proving so fatal to cows in Smethport and vicinity. The following letter bearing on this matter has been received at this office:

Ceres, N. Y., March 2, 1908.

EDITOR MINER—I am a spiritualist-medium. A spirit tells me that it is neuralgia of the brain that kills your cows. The spirits say use hot applications and spirits of turpentine freely.

Yours truly,
Dr. L. D. Champlin.

Mr. Champlin has the sincere thanks of the MINER for so promptly bringing this important matter before the attention of his supernatural friends. The remedy is respectfully submitted to all who may wish to use it.

No greater evidence is needed of the growing popularity of the Clarion State Normal School and the efficiency of the work being done there than the substantial increase in attendance from term to term. The departments are all well maintained; the buildings thoroughly equipped, and the school has a well deserved reputation for earnest work. The cost to prospective teachers over seventeen years of age for board, room rent, light, heat and laundry is about $3.50 per week. Spring Term opens March 24. Write for catalog. J. George Becht, Principal.

Farm for Sale.

Sixty-four acres, 35 acres cleared and in fine condition, well watered, good orchard, good house, barn and other buildings. Located in Reed hollow, 3 miles from Smethport. With or without live stock and farm implements. For terms apply to B. Tanner,
Smethport, Pa., R. F. D. No. 2.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Barg Chadwick, Prop.

The Paving Situation.

Last Thursday evening the bids for the paving of Main street were opened and read.—There were only two bids presented and both of these were found to be somewhat higher than the lowest bid presented on the former occasion and therefore it was impossible to let a contract for a concrete foundation at least, owing to a lack of funds to pay for the work.

At the meeting held by the new board of councilmen Monday evening the paving situation was discussed quite freely and several plans advanced for bringing about the much desired end, although no definite action was taken on any of the plans.

One plan was to amend the ordinance in such a way that the proposed paving could legally be done in sections and also allow the borough to do the work as other street improvements are made, that is hire a competent superintendent and have a portion of the street at least under the supervision of the borough instead of letting the work to a contractor. The idea of this is to save the contractor's profit, which some are of the opinion would amount to enough to make up the deficiency. Another plan was to amend the said ordinance so as to narrow the proposed pavement sufficiently to put the contractor's prices within the limit of the available funds.

Both plans contain merit and the council should lose no time in ascertaining which is the better and put the matter in shape for the sanction of the voters as soon as practicable. It is almost certain that another special election will have to be held before either of these plans can be adopted, and as that together with the other formalities would use up about sixty day's time, no time can be lost if we are to have a paved street this year.

Down Went the Lid.

Saturday night the lid closed down in Bradford with a combo clang. According to reports almost everything is all off. No more do the cutting dice respond or refuse appeals to "seven" or eleven. Little Joe and Long Lisa are taking a vacation, while Big Dick has returned to Boston. The rattle of the bones is hushed. Many healthy and prosperous Jimtit Pots are now only a beautiful memory or sad regret, and Stud has received a setback from which it will not soon recover. The ban has also been placed on penny and nickel slot machines and there is nothing left for the gambler but to surreptitiously bet on the weather, which is a most uncertain and unsatisfactory pastime with the odds all against you no matter what system you may play.

The cause of this stagnation in a flourishing industry is said to be order's from newly elected minions of the law, in that city, and the inference is made that Judge Bolton's heart-to-heart talk with the constables last week is already having its effect upon unlawful pleasures. Furthermore the claim is made that there are no car-springs under the lid. It is down for keeps, riveted, clinched on the underside and the whole city government is sitting on the top as an additional precaution.

Fitzgerald Has Sympathy.

Fitzgerald, the man who threw the screwdriver into a crowd of boys, who were annoying him by throwing snowballs at him while he was on top of one of the telegraph poles, which struck a boy over the eye, and who was arrested and waived a hearing before a justice of the peace, pleaded guilty to the charge made against him at Smethport Friday. He was fined $15 and costs which amounts to $90 and in default of payment he will have to serve 90 days in jail. A great deal of sympathy is expressed for Fitzgerald who was provoked beyond measure by the boys. While the boy that was injured may not have been the one that struck him with a snow-ball, if the boys had minded their own business no one would have to suffer.—Kane Republican.

There are few if any equals among the petty annoyances of life as obnoxious as the "fresh kid," but like the house fly, mosquito and similar pests there appears to be no adequate remedy for their actions.

A Correction.

In the article last week regarding Olson, the man now in jail charged with the murder of his daughter, his first name was given as "Peter." This was a mistake, although the man has been referred to by that name in various reports. His name is John Olson, and thanks are extended to Coroner E. R. Sherman of Bradford, for first calling the MINER'S attention to the change of first name. Since last week's papers were mailed about twenty-five people have inquired about "John" and "Peter," and they are also thanked, along with those still to be heard from.

The Lock Haven State Normal School is one of the half dozen great Normal Schools. It has graduated over two thousand teachers. It was never so prosperous as at the present time. It is the ideal secondary school in central Pennsylvania. A few rooms are yet available for the spring term which begins April 6th.

Criminal Court Proceedings.

The regular term of criminal court finished its findings last Saturday.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. the Corydon township primary election board, the defendants were found not guilty. The costs were placed on the county.

The jury returned a verdict of not guilty in the case of Fred Caulfield and Floyd Sabine, charged with cruelty to animals, but ordered them to pay the costs.

Joseph Trubitis and Harry Weskit, Kane young men, who pleaded guilty to stealing a freezer of ice cream, were each fined $25 and sentenced to six months imprisonment in the county jail.

Patrick Fay, the man who stole Dennis Quinlisk's overcoat, from the Commercial House in Smethport, pleaded guilty to the charge and was sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for six months.

John Marke, alleged Black Hand member, of Bradford, who was indicted with Spring Christman for holding up a fellow countryman, was sentenced to pay a fine of $100, the costs, and spend four years and 11 months in the Western penitentiary. Spring Christman was not sentenced, a new trial having been asked for in his case.

Frank Santano, who was convicted of slashing a young Italian woman, at Kane, with a stiletto, was sentenced to the Western penitentiary for six years and 11 months, and to pay a fine of $100 and the costs of prosecution. Santano's pal, a youth of 19, named Septimo Santano, on a recommendation for mercy by the jury, was given a sentence of two years and six months in the penitentiary and ordered to pay a fine of $100 and the costs of prosecution. This seemed to be a sort of Black Hand case, too, the woman, Frances Perry, who was slashed, being marked as that secret association of murders is in the habit of marking those who incur its enmity.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 29, 1908:

Blaine Alcorn, Mrs. Isabell Broder, Wm. Gotsenhof, F. D. Johnson, Geo. L. Kerr, Mrs. Fred Moyers, Mrs. J. B. Sweeting.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

This is what Hon. Jake Moore, State Warden of Georgia, says of Kodol For Dyspepsia: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Dear Sirs—I have suffered more than twenty years from indigestion. About eighteen months ago I had grown so much worse that I could not digest a crust of corn bread and could not retain anything on my stomach. I lost 25 lbs., in fact I made up my mind that I could not live but a short time, when a friend of mine recommended Kodol. I consented to try it to please him and I was better in one day. I now weigh more than I ever did in my life and am in better health than for many years. Kodol did it. I keep a bottle constantly, and write this hoping that humanity will be benefited. Yours very truly, Jake C. Moore, Atlanta, Aug 10, 1904." Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

"I trust this may be read by many sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble" writes Mrs. Joe King of Woodland, Tex. "I suffered four years and could find nothing to give even temporary relief. Our druggists at last induced me to try your 30 days' treatment of Pineules for $1. This one bottle has cured me and money could not buy the value it has been to me." Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS,
Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

Kodol is to-day the best known and most reliable remedy for all disorders of the stomach and helping of gas. Kodol contains the same juices found in a healthy stomach. Kodol is pleasant to take. It is guaranteed to give relief and is sold here by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale or Rent.

The farm of C. C. Wright on Cole Creek at Wright's Corners is for sale or rent with stock or without stock. For particulars call on or address C. C. Wright, Farmers Valley, Pa., R. F. D. 1

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice, draws out inflammation and poison. Antiseptic, healing. For chapped hands, lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

All pattern hats and trimmed and embroidered hats at cost and in some cases below cost from now until further notice at Mrs. Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store. 5t7

Will the lady who exchanged a pair of rubbers with French heels for low-heel rubbers at the Lyceum Monday night please exchange again? Mrs. H. L. Backus.

Lost—On the streets of this borough a small gold watch with "Genevieve" engraved inside of case. Finder will be rewarded by returning to this office.

Subscribe for the MINER.

S'posin'

By E. N. MURRAY.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. N. Lurie.]

It had always been Cynthy's word, and Lem felt no disposition to quarrel with it under the circumstances. He let his mind run back to the long-ago days when he carried her books to school and planned small treats within the scope of their narrow lives which his awkward tongue and self conscious mind almost prevented his laying before her. Cynthy was not given to many words herself, and so when he finally managed to suggest "S'pose we go berrying Saturday?" or skating, as the season might allow, Cynthy had always contented herself with replying "S'posin'."

He saw himself again as he was in those days, big for his years, hands and face tanned almost a leather color with sun and wind, a shock of unruly brown hair and eyes of almost the same shade. He did himself but scant justice as far as appearance went. It did not occur to him that he had been a goodly sight to look upon even at that time, for he had been then as now the strong, embodiment of rugged health. Looking at Cynthy, he saw traces of the same air of fragility that had characterized her as a child and seemed to set her apart from the other children. He had long known that it was not an indication of weak health, but was due rather to a certain transparency of skin which neither sun nor wind seemed to affect. He felt just as big and overgrown beside her today as he had done years ago and Cynthy's assent to his latest suggestion had filled him with the same sense of wonder and delight as in that old time.

He would have liked to know if Cynthy was thinking of those old days in the same way as he was. He recalled that in that faraway time he used to speculate whether that simple word of assent "S'posin'" caused Cynthy any of the pleasurable sensations it gave him to hear it. He had never dared to ask such a question, and he wondered if he ever would. There was a delightful possibility that he might, and his heart beat higher at the thought. If he had stopped to consider that fact, he would have known it was quite unnecessary, as that organ had not been doing normal work for a week past and before this last increase had been going to an alarming rate. Indeed, were there no prospect of a decrease even the sturdy frame of Lem Minturn could not long have withstood its onslaught. But no thought of danger from that cause rose in the young man's mind. There were more dangerous things for him to consider than

"S'POSE WE GO BERRYING."

the state of his heart. In fact, if questioned, he might have replied that he knew it too well to need to give it further consideration. He was more alarmed about the condition of another heart which he wanted for his own.

Thought was ever swifter than speech with Lem Minturn, and now as he stood beside Cynthy, looking down at her while she looked off toward the horizon, it traveled over all the little byepaths of memory the very approaches to which he had apparently forgotten until that day a week ago when he had seen Cynthy for the first time in six years. Ever since then his thoughts had been busy with olden days. He could recall all the chief events in the early life of both from the time when she was a tiny mite in pinafores and he was a sturdy lad rejoicing in his first real pockets. There was no break until she was fifteen years old and her family had moved away to the city, where there were more advantages for the children. He had been seventeen then and had completed his first year in the mill.

There she stood, looking so much like the old days that he could almost have believed they had never been separated except for the recurring thought that he knew not what associations or ties

No need to fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain Boss Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer. This is good news to mothers who fear croup and whooping cough. It is a gentle laxative that expells the poison from the system in the natural way. Cuts the phlegm and clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

he might have formed since that he knew her. It might be that the terrible longing in his heart was never to be satisfied, and then the necessity for speech became almost intolerable. It was because of this that he had spoken in the old fashion, "Cynthy, s'pose we tell what has happened since last we met?"

And Cynthy had not resented the return to old speech or the use of her name, but had answered simply, "S'posin'," and Lem was not disposed to quarrel about the answer.

But it was one thing to decide to speak and quite another to find the words one wanted. While he was still seeking them Cynthy said, "S'pose I begin?"

Gratefully Lem accepted their reversed positions and answered in his turn, "S'posin'."

Cynthy found a comfortable spot and sat down, while Lem threw himself at her feet. Then she began in a simple, unaffected way to tell the story, which the man eagerly drank in. So much depended upon that story. It would either open his lips or seal them forever, and he knew it. He composed himself to listen, determined that neither by word nor look should he embarrass her or make it difficult for her to give him this glimpse of her life. He could not help wondering if it meant as much to her as to him.

"There isn't a great deal to my story, Lem," said Cynthy. "I did not know how fond of the old place I was until we had moved away. They say that those who are left behind feel worse than those who go because new things take up the attention. I dare say that is true in a way at least, but there is a kind of longing for old places and old friends that is worse than physical pain when it strikes and that only the absentee can feel. True, it is not always there. One could not stand it if it were." Cynthy spoke in a reminiscent tone, more to herself than to him, and Lem felt a sort of comfort in the knowledge that he was not the only sufferer.

"I went to school and gave my whole attention to my books, as I had determined to fit myself for a teacher. Somehow I think it always lay back in my mind that I should return here some day. I will not deny that the desire became less a conscious purpose than a subconscious dream as the years went by, but about six months ago it flamed into a purpose that would brook no opposition."

Here Cynthy paused and fell to thinking. Lem noted the fast changing color now, and his heart sank a little. He wondered what had roused Cynthy to the sudden determination and whether it boded good or ill for him and his hopes. Every moment seemed to make it more a matter of life and death that he should know his fate.

With heightened color and eyes that looked steadfastly at the far horizon Cynthy resumed her story, apparently unconscious of the anxious scrutiny of her companion. "About a year ago a young student came to board with us. As you know, I never had a brother, and before long we became excellent friends. It was very nice to have some one to depend upon, ever ready to do what one needed, to play escort and 'big brother.' That was what we both called it at first. But it seemed to grow to be more, and—and—why, then he asked me to marry him. It was a surprise to me at first, but after a while I thought I would say yes. Then it occurred to me that before tying myself to a promise that I might not be able to keep I should see more of life. I was not sure I could be a minister's wife—and besides I did not know whether I loved him or not. I needed absence to prove my feeling to myself. So that is why I am here. I applied for and finally got the position of teacher, and here I am, out with you just as in the old days, and it hardly seems as if it could be six years since then. There's Lem."

Something in the question made the young man's heart leap and the hot blood rush to his head. He looked sharply at Cynthy, but she appeared to be merely wondering aloud, and hope died down again. But it was time for his story now, and, moreover, he felt as if he could tell it, indeed must tell it, let the outcome be what it might.

"It seems to me, Cynthy," he said, "that perhaps without my knowing it you have always been a big factor in my life. I had taken your friendship as such a matter of course that if I thought of it at all it was as something that could not be changed. Therefore your going off to the city that way was a blow that stunned me. I could not get used to it. I did not once think of asking you to write to me. In fact, I could think of nothing but that you were going. The place seemed mighty lonesome after you were gone, and I gave myself up to my work in the mill as if that, too, would never change. But it began to dawn on me that you were going to have opportunities in the city that would put you away out of my class. That thought was discouraging until one day I said to myself, 'Cynthy, s'pose we both study?' And it seemed to me that I could hear you say 'S'posin'.' That settled it. I began, and after a year or two, during which I had been steadily advancing in the mill, I asked this question: 'Cynthy s'pose I go away and take a technical course and fit myself for assistant superintendent?' And again you seemed to answer, 'S'posin'.'

"I talked the matter over with the superintendent, who had always been a good friend, and he heartily approved. Well, a few months later I went and put in some hard studying for the next few years. During vacations I worked in the mill and got thoroughly acquainted with its needs. I have not known many girls, because I have been too busy, and—well, that seems to be all there is to it. Here I am in the position I worked for, and I arrived just the same day you did."

"That is a coincidence, is it not?" said Cynthy as Lem paused. "We are both lucky, I think, to have found things going our way. Now that you have proved your dream true are you content?"

"I thought I was, Cynthy, until the night I got back; then suddenly it came to me that there was something lacking."

"Isn't that always so with dreams that come true, Lem? It seems to me that the only happy dreams are those that stay dreams," said the girl, with a slight sigh.

Lem made no direct reply to this bit of philosophy. He was in the mood of having his dreams come true and risking the contentment. The suspense grew unbearable. He must know. Anything was better than uncertainty.

"Cynthy," he said softly, and the girl started from her reverie and turned toward him. Her face looked pale and weary, as if life had lost some of its charm. It made him pause a moment, but he gulped hard and spoke again.

"Cynthy, there is a reason for the failure of contentment for me. It is a

"grouty" reason so old that I had not recognized it and at the same time so new that it brings more pain than joy. Cynthy, you are the reason."

He paused again and saw the blood surge up into the girl's face. Her breath came in quick gasps, but she turned toward him with a look that was partly inquiry, partly surprise and some doubt, but there was no reproach. That encouraged him to take up his narrative where he had so abruptly stopped.

"I love you, Cynthy, but I did not know it until a week ago. I thought I was too busy to care for girls, but Cynthy, it was because you had all my heart, and I did not know it. It was really for you that I studied and won my way to success. I was too wholly a boy when you went away to understand what gave me such pain to part with you. But even then I must have loved you."

He paused for a moment as if to steady himself for what must follow. Cynthy said nothing, but she drew nearer to him as if unconsciously drawn, and her face was lighted with a smile that even Lem saw was the outward expression of inward joy. He drew her into his arms, and she did not resist. For a moment he held her so, while he waited for his heart to steady. Then with a twinkle in his honest brown eye he turned her face up to his and before kissing her said, "Cynthy, s'pose we get married?"

And Cynthy answered, "S'posin'."

He Won't Always Be One.

"I have a clerk," a New York wholesale merchant remarked the other day, "and he sometimes manages to hand back a rather good one, though as a rule he is little short of stupid, apparently. As a matter of fact, I suppose he is one of those dreamy sort of chaps, and you never can tell about that kind.

"I was sorry after I said it," he continued, "but recently he had made a most unnecessary blunder, and I lost my temper.

"'I say, Jones,' I sneered, 'you'd make a pretty good clerk, maybe, if you had a little more sense!'

"He looked at me for a minute with a sort of half smile. 'Didn't it ever occur to you, Mr. Brown,' he said, 'that if I had a little more sense I wouldn't be a clerk at all?'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Royal Golfer.

King James II. was a fine golfer in the sense of fondness for the game and in other senses too. He it was, as Duke of York, who, when challenged by two English noblemen at the Scottish court to a match, the duke to take any partner whom he could find, took to his side an Edinburgh shoemaker named John Patersone. The duke and Patersone won, and the latter, being given half the stake, built for himself a house, which is to be distinguished by the record upon it in Canongate to this day.—Fry's Magazine.

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Executor's Notice.

Estate of Thomas E. Richmond, late of Smethport Borough, McKean Co., Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

SHERIDAN GORTON, Attorney,
or M. SARAH RICHMOND, Executor.
Smethport, Pa., January 29th, 1903.

THE CLEARING HOUSE

Methods of the Big Bank Exchange in New York City.

MARCH OF THE MESSENGERS.

The Way Millions on Millions of Dollars in Checks Change Holders in a Few Minutes in the Daily Balancing of Accounts Between Banks.

"Clearing!" That word is the order for the shuffling of many feet and the pattering of thick envelopes upon hard wood. Men with leather bags hung against their chests like bass drums pass up and down rows of desks at which other men sit and as they go by deftly hand out brown paper packages containing the equivalent of millions in gold. Thus do the banks of New York transfer money each business day.

As vast as the figures involved in the operation are, they do not make an impress upon the mind. One is more apt to wonder whether the gray haired messenger in the blue serge suit would succeed in disorganizing the line if he gave the wrong envelope to bank No. 19 and, if so, whether he would be condemned forever by his associates. But no one seems to make a mistake, and the visitor has no reason to worry about the possibility of misplacing $28,000,000 even for half a second. The machinery of the clearing house is almost too perfect to slip a cog.

The clearing house begins to show signs of activity as early as 9:30 o'clock, when the vanguard of bank runners makes its appearance. They travel in pairs and are mostly young men, although the veterans have not all retired. Their badge of office is a bag, any sort of bag, suit case, telescope, kit bag, canvas bag. Sometimes it has the name of the bank it came from printed across the end. More often it bears no distinguishing mark.

Further, as identity is frequently hidden behind an exceedingly shabby exterior. That is perhaps a virtue. At all events, it is not considered good form in banking circles to be ostentatious. A strong bag even though it be old and stuffed is just as good a vehicle for a fortune as a new one and is less likely to produce burnings in the heart of a thug. So this is the reason why the young men who sweep up the marble stairs look as if they were carrying bags filled with their own clothing instead of other persons' checks. Self conscious they are not despite the loads they carry, and one might well imagine they were going upstairs to change their garments for gymnasium suits.

But when the visitor reaches the floor above and climbs to the little gallery at one end he realizes that not basket ball, but another game, is to be played. Already the players are preparing to take their positions. At the side walls are benches on which delivery clerks are sitting their bags at their sides, and opposite is a solid counter divided into about seventeen compartments to the front of which are affixed, if occupied, the name plates of different banks. Beyond the first is a second counter and between the two a rack for hats and overcoats. At each side with more benches and hatracks separating the two rows of counters from duplicates on the opposite side of the room. Settling clerks, who take their places on high stools behind the outer rows of counters, face the walls. Those at the inner counters face the center aisle. At the elbows of the settling clerks stand their assistants, who are required to sign the exchange slips presented with each package of checks.

As the clock nears 10 one glances from the high dome, with its row of electric lights, to the scene below. The clerks at the compartments have made themselves comfortable. The messengers standing at ease before them have sling their bags and are ready. A minute passes. A man appears at the rostrum in the gallery and rings a gong twice. Eyes below are uplifted as he makes an announcement about out of town banks that will hereafter clear through different correspondents. That is not of particular interest, but he pauses briefly and then utters the magic word, "Clearing!"

The messenger for bank No. 1 crosses the room at one end of the counters and takes the place of No. 97, who has moved down a pace. Simultaneously fifty other men have taken a step forward and the tramping and scraping of feet come regularly. No. 1 has slapped an envelope down before the clerk at No. 97's compartment, dropped a ticket into a slot, offered an exchange slip for signing and passed on to No. 96 without uttering a word. Each of No. 1's fifty associates has duplicated his performance in every detail, and so the exchanges, as they are called, have been fairly started.

In the meantime the settling clerks are doing their share of the work. Long sheets of paper in front of them are being filled out with the total amounts of the checks presented by the men who are circling about the counters, making monotonous but not unpleasant sounds with their feet. Suddenly, when you are just beginning to understand what it is all about, a halt is called. No one says anything, but every one stops. You ask why, and some one says the exchanges have been completed. You ask how $300,000,000 can change hands in exactly fifteen minutes by the clock, and the same person looks at you with a pitying smile and remarks, "Why, you've just seen it done."

There is marked silence for a moment after the feet have stopped moving. The crowd in the room begins to thin out, for the delivery clerks are going, taking with them the packages of checks which have been deposited with the settling clerks. The latter still have work to do. Their assistants rescue the little tickets from the compartments into which they were dropped, and the settling clerks scan the amount of them to see if they agree with the totals on the exchange slips.

When first he entered the room the settling clerk gave the proof clerk in the manager's gallery the amount of the checks he brought with him. Now he ascertains the total of the amount deposited with him. Soon he is able to tell whether his bank has a debit or credit balance, and this information he communicates to the proof clerk. Then the clearing house knows exactly how much cash will have to be moved from bank to bank in adjusting balances.

Forty-five minutes is the limit allowed for making the exchanges and proving the balances, and fines may be imposed if the allotted time is exceeded. But it is rarely necessary to impose fines, so rapid is the work of the messengers and so simple the system of exchange. Most of the work is done before the messengers get to the clearing house. The checks for exchange with other banks are inclosed in separate envelopes, and these envelopes are arranged in consecutive order in the delivery clerk's bag, so all needless delay in depositing them is eliminated.

To make the clearing finally complete it is of course necessary to exchange the cash. "Accordingly," says James G. Cannon in his book on "Clearing Houses," "before half past 1 o'clock each debtor bank, in compliance with the requirements of the constitution, pays into the clearing house the amount of its debit balance and obtains a receipt for the same signed by the assistant manager. After half past 1 o'clock the creditor banks receive at the clearing house their respective balances and give their receipts for the same in a book provided for that purpose, but in no case can a creditor bank receive the balances until all the debtor banks have paid in."—New York Post.

A MARKET IN MOROCCO.

The Best Place to Study the Ways of the Wily Natives.

The place of all places to see the Moorish people is at their markets, for every class and kind of them is there, and when you have seen one market you have seen them all, for there is a racial similarity in the Moors the world over.

The first thing about a Moorish market that attracts the attention of a traveler is the farreaching odor or, rather, the multiplicity of odors, for there is a composite character about the smell of a Moorish market that cannot be equaled anywhere outside of China. Before you can even hear the continual wrangle and jangle of the market place you can scent it.

Once there the interminable jumble of sights and sounds is disconcerting, and the evidences of dirt everywhere takes from an American all desire to deal in eatables, for the Moors seem to be wholly insensible to dirt of any kind and every kind and have no objection to fruit and berries that have come in unprotected over miles of dusty and sandy roads.

These people are natural traders, second to none in their ability to obtain the highest possible price, or equally ready willingness to let the article go for a mere pittance rather than miss making a sale.

They will begin the price of a lamp at 3 shillings and after a little haggling will come down to 1 shilling, but if you move on they will thrust the lamp into your hand and ask you to give them anything for it that you will, and it is a sale, no difference how small may be your offer.

In nearly all countries the everywhere present and always the same donkey is an inevitable adjunct of a Moorish market. The whole animal kingdom would be searched through in vain to find any creature more wholly devoid of impulse and sentiment than this imposed upon little beast.

Like a fatalist philosopher, he is wholly resigned to the order of things, and nothing can cause him to stir from the even tenor of his ways. Caressing and even food do not seem to add any to his satisfaction, and beating and abuse do not detract from his tranquillity. His features are perfectly immobile.

As he stands in the market place one may pet him and give him bits of grass or fruit and he will not raise his head or even open his eyes. He is the supreme, ineffable resignation in flesh and blood. And no Moorish market is complete without him by the score.—World's Events Magazine.

How to Stick Stamps.

"Say," remarked the postoffice clerk who was off duty as he watched a friend affix two stamps to the corner of an envelope, "why don't you put those stamps on horizontally instead of vertically? Don't you know you would save a lot of work for us stampers if you put your stamps beside each other instead of under each other? We always have to make two strokes when canceling vertically pasted stamps by hand, and they don't work well through the stamping machines either."

"Is that so?" inquired his friend as he took another envelope and proceeded to affix two stamps to it in a vertical position. "Then, by the great horn spoon, why doesn't the government sell its stamps in horizontal lines? Look at these. Here I bought 20 cents' worth of two cent stamps, and they come to me in vertical lines. If I buy five twos, I get them attached one to the bottom of the other. Do you think I'm going to the trouble of tearing each stamp off just to please a government clerk by pasting them side by side? Guess again."—New York Press.

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A glance at the full list of its ingredients, printed on every bottle-wrapper, will show that it is made from the most valuable medicinal roots found growing in our American forests. All these ingredients have received the strongest endorsement from the leading medical writers, teachers and writers on *Materia Medica* who recommend them as the very best remedies for the diseases for which "Golden Medical Discovery" is advised.

A little book of these endorsements has been compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will be mailed *free* to any one asking same by postal card, or letter addressed to the Doctor as above. From these endorsements, copied from standard medical books of all the different schools of practice, it will be found that the ingredients composing the "Golden Medical Discovery" are advised not only for the cure of the above mentioned diseases, but also for the cure of all-catarrhal, bronchial and throat affections, accompanied with catarrhal discharges, hoarseness, sore throat, lingering, or hang-on-coughs, and all those wasting affections which, if not promptly and properly treated are liable to terminate in consumption. Take Dr. Pierce's Discovery in time and persevere in its use until you give it a fair trial and it is not likely to disappoint. Too much must not be expected of it. It will not perform miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. It will cure the affections that lead up to consumption, if *taken in time.*

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J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 5, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Samuel A. Carlson, editor of the Vartland has been elected mayor of Jamestown, N. Y.

—A Bradford subscriber in renewing his subscription says: "I have taked the MINER too long to try and do without it now."

—There will be a dance at the Lyceum, Tuesday evening, March 17, 1908, (St. Patrick's Day). Tickets, $1.00. Music by Chadwick's orchestra. Everybody invited.

—Fred Rima, a well known musician who left Coudersport a few years ago to travel with Gorton's minstrels, died recently in a Nevada town where he had resided since leaving the show.

—W. J. Mackowski, a well known Bradford printer, employed in the Record office for several years, has purchased the Ingram printing plant in that city and will hereafter conduct the same.

—A stock company will start a ten weeks' engagement at the Bradford theatre, March 16. It is said that the company will play surrounding towns on dates when other attractions are booked at the theatre.

—Last Thursday night a party of Hazelhurst young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a sleigh ride to Smethport. Later they hired the Lyceum and enjoyed a pleasant dance, after which they had supper at the Wright House.

—A deplorable state of affairs is mentioned in the Coudersport Enterprise. Frank Teeter of West Branch has become insane and was recently confined in the county home. Mrs. Teeter has thirteen children, and an order of relief was issued last week for her and eight of her children by the county commissioners.

—Eldred Eagle: At St. Joseph's cathedral in Buffalo, Wednesday, Rev. Father Harrigan united in marriage Miss Lillian Brooder of Sartwell, and Mr. Patrick J. Sweeney of Eldred. The bride is well known in Eldred, having been head trimmer at Mrs. Koenig's millinery store the past season, and has a large circle of friends here. Mr. Sweeney is successfully engaged in the mercantile business here, and is one of the popular young men of the town. If the best wishes of friends count for anything, their future happiness is well assured.

—A very pleasant and well attended dance was given at the Lyceum Tuesday night.

—John M. Swanson is in jail in Warren, charged with having murdered his employer, Charles Samuelson, aged 65 years, a resident of Chandlers Valley. Swanson became enraged at Samuelson while they were engaged in hauling wood and struck down the aged man with an ax. Swanson then literally cut his victim to pieces and fled with his watch and money. The murderer was captured soon after by a posse. Samuelson's mangled body was found in the woods by his daughter.

—Herbert Moran, Coudersport's chief exponent of the national game, left Tuesday night for Philadelphia, where he joined the Athletics. The team left Wednesday for New Orleans, their spring training quarters. Herb is one of the most promising young professionals in the country and is bound to make good. If he does not remain with the Athletics this year it will not be long before he is at the very top.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—The Larabee correspondent to the Bradford Record says: The Carpenter tract of timber that covers the bottom lands on the west side of the town is doomed to go before the woodsman's ax. The timber was purchased some time ago by G. B. Mayo of Smethport, and jobs have been let for cutting and hauling the wood to the cars. Several wood-cutters have already arrived in town and operations will commence as soon as the water, which, during the recent flood, has stood deep all over that territory, subsides sufficiently to enable them to work.

—The Ridgway schools were honored by a visit from the borough school teachers of Smethport, says the Ridgway Record. The school board of that place, recognizing the value of having teachers visit schools in other places, gave their teachers a holiday Wednesday in order that they might visit the schools at this place. They arrived on the morning train on the B., R. & P. and spent the entire day visiting the various class rooms. The following are the visitors: T. T. Allen, principal; Carrie A. Day, high school; Emma Tretton, high school; Rose Allen, 8th grade; Grace Cunningham, 7th grade; Frances Campbell, 6th grade; Mabel R. Foote, 5th grade; Agnes M. Barry, 4th grade; Anna K. Barry, 3rd grade; Amanda Anderson, 2nd grade; Rachel Mayo, 1st grade, and Ethel Gifford, 1st grade.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Grange News.

The MINER will be pleased at any time to receive and publish items of real interest from any Grange in the county. All we ask is that correspondents be brief and confine themselves to news items of general interest.

FARMERS VALLEY.

The writer wishes to correct some errors in last week's report of the literary program. The name of Worthy Steward George Tyler, who made some remarks, did not appear. A. R. Cory, being ill was not present, and J. O. Stull was absent—as Worthy Lecturer Martha Beckwith termed it the best part was lacking. However, A. R. Cory was on hand last Saturday apparently in good health and gave an interesting talk on Fraternalism. He remarked that the spirit of fraternity is not exercised as much as it should be. That it is something to be cultivated. That he never met one of the order or one with the three links but that he felt a special regard for them. Worthy Lady Assistant Steward Beatrice Day also agreed that the fraternal spirit was latent, inasmuch as discriminations were apparent.

Thursday evening a party of Patrons visited our sister Grange at Coryville, find it been announced in Grange the party would have been much larger. However, we all wish to have the visit soon returned.

We were honored by a visit from Bertha Paterson of the Smethport Grange.

Lecturer Martha Beckwith, brought a very interesting program consisting of songs by the Grange, quotations by all Patrons and Worthy Master W. P. Beckwith, Past Master Paterson, Worthy Secretary Henry Otto, Trustee Estella Otto and others all responded to the discussion, opened by Paton M. A. Caldwell, "Is the fraternal spirit cultivated as it should be." Worthy Pomona Mable Galpin gave a recitation, "Somebody's Mother."

Items from Bingham.

A pleasant surprise party was held at the home of Leon Scowden, Feb. 29, in honor of his birthday. A dainty lunch was served in the dining room at 11:30. Guests returned home in the "wee sma" hours, after spending a very pleasant time. Out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Digel of Farmers Valley and Freeman Chadwick of Smethport.

Mrs. Fred Digel returned home on Monday morning accompanied by Mrs. Leon Scowden.

Frank McCaul and family will leave for Port Colburne, Canada, next Tuesday where they intend making their future home.

Wasp's Jaws Make Colony's Nest.

Wasps readily succumb before the increasing cold of autumn. The few that escape the merciless scourge of mortality are the queens of next season. They pass the winter in some warm crannny, and when the spring arrives each comes forth from its hiding place and seeks a suitable place for the nest that is to be. This found, the queen repairs to a fence or tree trunk and with her jaw rasps off a bundle of wood fiber which when moistened with saliva and kneaded forms the paperlike substance of which the nest is entirely constructed.

Just as bees have invented a peculiar nest building material in wax, so wasps have prepared a special durable paper for the same purpose. The queen mother lays the foundations of the city with her own jaws. She attaches a sort of stalk of wood paper to a chosen support. This may be the branch of a tree, a root in a cavity below ground or a beam in a garden shed. The stalk prepared, the queen builds a few shallow cells, in each of which she lays an egg. As these mature, hatch and develop into worker wasps the labor of the little colony is turned over to them, and thus a vast nest with thousands of cells is evolved.—Chicago Tribune.

A Fugitive Bit.

"Lend me a pencil," said the press humorist.

"Thought of something funny?"

"No, but I've thought of something that will pass muster as a joke."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Setting Him Right.

He—Tell me, confidentially, how much did the bonnet cost you?

She—George, there is but one way in which you can obtain the right to inspect my millinery bills.

He popped.

Gravity.

The most distant planet in our solar system, Neptune, is 2,750,000,000 miles from the sun, and yet the arm of the sun reaches out and controls the remote planet without the least difficulty. In a word, gravity is universal, every atom in the universe exerting its influence upon every other atom.—New York American.

One Was Assumed.

A fool tricked out in motley smiled on his lord and said to him, "Sir, what is the difference between my foolishness and thine?"

"Say on," quoth the lord.

"Well, of mine," quoth the fool, "I make a profession."

The Orphan.

"Please, sir, will you give a penny to a poor orphan?"

"Certainly, my boy! Has your father been dead long?"

"No, sir. He's the orphan. This money's for him."

To Talk About.

"She hasn't any friends to speak of."

"No? Then what are they for?"—Puck.

An indolent man draws his breath, but does not live.—Cicero.

Ring's Little Liver Pills wake up lazy livers, clean the system and clear the skin. Try them for biliousness and sick headache. Price 25c. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A Remarkable Hat.

A woman wants a divorce because her husband has purchased her only hat in twenty-five years.

It would be interesting to know if there is enough of the hat left to get on straight.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Social Duty.

The idea of social duty dominates our time. We are impregnated with it. It is the most urgent aspiration of the modern conscience and in the midst of our controversies dashes all our ironies.—Georges Touchard in La Nouvelle Revue, Paris.

A Case of Luck.

Benevolent Lady—But, my poor man, if you have been looking for work all these years, why is it that you have never found it? Tramp (confidentially)—It's luck, mum—just sheer good luck.

Often the Case.

"A man should think twice before he speaks."

"And a woman three times before she sings."—Harper's Weekly.

The Secret of Content.

If men today actually possessed the acres on which they toil, they would be in no hurry to leave them; they would be effectively chained to the soil by the sense of independence and proprietorship as is the case among the rural population of France, who do not rent but own the land.—W. J. Dawson.

The Hard Part.

"How is your son getting on in his new position?"

"First rate!" answered Farmer Dobbs. "He knows more about the business now than his employer does. All he has to do now is to convince his employer!"—London Express.

Revenge.

"It took you an awfully long time to pull that fellow's tooth," said the assistant.

"Yes," answered the dentist grimly. "He married the girl I loved!"

The worst whipping a bully ever gets is from some man who doesn't want to fight.—Chicago News.

The Practical Girl.

"Jack told me he could live on my kisses forever!"

"Are you going to let him?"

"Not till I find out what I'm going to live on."—Chicago Journal.

His Eminence.

A French cardinal, being small of stature and hunchbacked at that, always gave the keenest reporter who addressed him "highness" and "eminence." "My highness is five feet two inches and the eminence I carry on my back."

Scarcely Incomprehensible.

Mrs. Scorer—That delicately constructed things these big steamships are! Mr. Scorer—Why do you say that? Mrs. Scorer—Just think of the breaking of a screw disabling the whole ship.—Philadelphia North American.

Poor Jones!

Missionary—Can you give me any information about Deacon Jones, who labored among your people three years ago? Cannibal—Well, the last I hear about him he had gone into consumption.—Judge.

A Spanish proverb declares that "a papelito (a paper cigar), a glass of clear water and a kiss from a pretty girl will sustain a man for a whole day."

A Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia and other stomach ills. Two days' trial free. Ask our dealer. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

PHOTOGRAPHY
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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 493

INVEST IN TIMBER

The Buffalo Timber Company, Incorporated, offer an opportunity for investment unexcelled as to security and increase in value.

The constantly increasing demand and diminishing supply must necessarily advance the value of all good timber enormously.

This Company owns Two Hundred Million Feet of the largest and finest standing timber on the continent.

FIFTY DOLLARS A SHARE

Each and every share of stock is represented by one hundred thousand feet of well located timber, which costs but Fifty cents per thousand feet, making it a safe and sure investment.

Write today for convincing evidence of above facts.

BUFFALO TIMBER COMPANY,
418-420 Prudential Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended
Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at

20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Sundays and Holidays.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to work Sundays and Holidays? That is the tireless, ceaseless way that money at interest will work for you, and it will never go on a strike. Why should you do all the hard work? Set your money to working for you. Interest is its wages and its pay is sure.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport. Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column, per annum, payable quarterly. Our own printing and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $5.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday March 5, 1908.

Announcements.

CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the 31st district, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

CHARLES F. BANCHAY.
Sinnemahoning, Cameron Co., Pa., Feb. 3, 1908.

STATE SENATOR

Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of State Senator in the 25th District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11th.

GEO. W. WILLIAMS.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 21, 1908.

Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of State Senator in the 25th District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held APRIL 11th.

F. E. BALDWIN.
Austin, Pa., Jan. 30, 1908.

ASSEMBLY

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11.

JAMES A. MCKEAN.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 27, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11.

ROBERT P. HAGOOD.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 27, 1908.

SHERIFF

EDITOR MINER: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908. W. H. MOUNTSON.
Smethport, Jan. 15, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th. J. F. DAVIS.
Bradford, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th. E. W. JONES.
Smethport, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. JOHN W. MCKNALL.
Kane, Pa., Feb. 24, 1908.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of District Attorney for McKean County on the Republican ticket, at the primaries to be held April 11, 1908. GUY B. MAYO.
Smethport, Pa., March 1, 1908.

PROTHONOTARY

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th. B. F. STANLEY.
Smethport, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908. A. B. WALKER.
Smethport, Feb. 17, 1908.

RECORDER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on April 11th, 1908. H. M. CHOATE.
Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1908.

REGISTER OF WILLS, ETC.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11, 1908. JOHN B. EASTMAN.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 4, 1908

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner at the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908. JOHN A. PETERSON.
Bradford, Jan. 6, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908. P. D. HOPKINS.
Kane, Jan. 6, 1908.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908. OSCAR ENGSTROM.
Smethport, Jan. 7, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries. W. I. OVIATT.
East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 4, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908. C. W. FREEMAN.
Smethport, Jan. 6, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. JOHN J. MCCAREY.
Annin Township, January 14, 1908.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908. A. M. MARSH.
Bradford Township, Jan. 4, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. A. M. BOARDMAN.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 25th, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries April 11th. DELOS ARMSTRONG.
Bradford, Jan. 20, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters at the primaries, April 11th. M. S. COMES.
Keating Township, Jan. 18, 1908.

COUNTY AUDITOR

Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April the 11th, 1908. A. R. ANDERSON.
Clermont, Pa., Jan. 10, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. J. H. STULL.
East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Auditor of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908. E. G. MCFALL.
Eldred, Pa. Feb. 14, 1908.

CLERK OF THE COURTS

THE MINER is authorized to announce the name of Frank R. Foster of Smethport as a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held in April next.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 30, 1907.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Courts of General and Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer, of McKean County, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 11th, 1908. BERT J. CUMMINS.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 3rd, 1908.

BY the arrest of Salvator Lupo, a Black Hand suspect, wanted on several charges in Baltimore, the Buffalo police are of the opinion they have captured a murderer. It is said Lupo has confessed to killing a wealthy Italian in New York two years ago, and selling the flesh of his victim for meat over the counter of his butcher shop. The story is almost too horrible for belief, but investigations now in progress seem to be bearing out these facts.

PRESIDENT CASTRO of Venezuela has refused to submit the matters in dispute with the United States to arbitration and therefore there is some war talk at present. However, Castro will probably reconsider the matter before there is much powder burned.

FIVE children were born to Mrs. George Campbell of Steubenville, O., last Friday morning. Three of them, boys, died within two hours, while the other two, a boy and a girl, are robust. Mrs. Campbell weighs under 100 pounds and is frail. It is said that she will recover.

ONE of the most shocking crimes ever committed in Ohio was that of Mrs. Josephine Spires of Lancaster, who killed her four children, Friday afternoon, and then committed suicide. The woman is supposed to have been insane. Her husband was feeding the stock in the barn when the tragedy occurred and when he discovered the horrible fate of his family he became almost crazed with grief and had to be watched to prevent self-destruction. The woman killed the four children, the oldest aged 9 years and the youngest one year, by shooting them, then reloaded the revolver and shot herself. She cut off the heads of the two oldest children with a hatchet, and dropped the heads into a cistern.

ONE of the most horrible happenings in the history of the country was a fire which destroyed the school house at Collingwood, Ohio, Wednesday morning, in which 175 school children lost their lives. The fire had gained great headway before being discovered, and when the alarm was given a panic ensued. There were 350 pupils in the building and many of them escaped without injury, notwithstanding the crush, but many little ones were caught. Many pupils jumped from second story windows and in several cases sustained fatal injuries. When the fire subsided enough to allow the work of recovering the bodies to proceed frenzied parents made a rush upon the heaps of corpses that lay near where the exits had been. The scenes were heart-rending and the country is thrilled with sympathy for the bereaved people of Collingwood.

AN anarchist named Lazarus Averbuch, aged 28 years, formerly of Russia, was shot to death Monday morning, while making an attempt on the life of Chief of Police Shippey of Chicago. The anarchist gained entrance to Shippey's home on the plea of having a letter for the Chief. Mr. Shippey suspected the man, and grabbing his hands asked his wife to search him. Averbuch broke away and stabbed the Chief under the arm. Harry Shippey, a son, and James Foley, a coachman, came to his aid and after young Shippey was shot through the lungs and Foley through the hand, the Chief killed the would-be assassin. Harry Shippey is supposed to be out of danger and Chief Shippey and Foley were only slightly wounded. The police are making desperate efforts to round up and deport all anarchists who are not naturalized nor native-born citizens.

GUY B. MAYO announces in this issue his candidacy for District Attorney subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Mayo is now serving his first term in this capacity and his record is a high testimonial of his efficiency. He has used his best efforts to convict offenders of the criminal code and has been unusually successful. His work in bringing to justice the four Italians who committed the Coryville murder has been highly commended by all who knew the facts, and this is only one of many cases where he deserves unlimited praise from the people. Mr. Mayo is a lawyer of more than ordinary ability which coupled with his diligence makes him an excellent man for the position to which he aspires. He is a Republican who comes from a family of Republicans that date back to the birth of the G. O. P. and that he will be nominated and elected by a large majority there is hardly a possibility for doubt.

THE United States supreme court decided Monday, in the first of a series of cases attacking the Elkins anti-rebate law as reincorporated in the more recent Hepburn rate law, that the Great Northern Railway's conviction and $15,000 fine for making a concession of 20 cents a hundred on fifteen shipments of oats from Minneapolis to Seattle, was valid, notwithstanding that the acts were committed in 1905, before the Hepburn bill had become a law. The indictments, though returned after the passage of the Hepburn bill, were based upon the Elkins law. This decision is expected to have a wide effect on a large number of cases of appeal from the lower courts and it destroys one of the principal defenses which the Standard Oil Company was preparing to advance against the payment of the $29,000,000 fine imposed last year for accepting Alton rebates. The court's decision is unanimous and holds that repeal of any statue should not have the effect of releasing any one from any penalty incurred under it unless the repealing act expressly so provides.

THE McKean Democrat, in answer to the Philadelphia Press, which differs radically with the views of the former paper as to the meaning of the Corrupt Practices Act, backs up on one point in following language: "The Democrat has never denied that a candidate had a legitimate right to define his position on certain questions before he registered his name as a candidate for office, but we do deny his right to do so after his campaign has gotten under way * * *." We would consider this a distinction without a difference. A public officeholder is supposed to be a servant of the people and as such it is only his right but his duty to tell the people (his master) what may be expected from him at any time they desire it, whether it be before of after he has announced his desire to serve them. As long as Editor Lindsley concedes a man the right to define his position before he registers his name as a candidate for office, we cannot see the slightest hint in the Act which would deny him the same right later in the campaign. In his answer to the MINER the Democrat editor merely attempts to further mislead its readers by trying to make it appear that we have argued "that a candidate for office has a right to bribe a voter with a valuable promise," which is too childish, nonsensical and wholly devoid of the spirit of truth to merit reply.

THERE is no denying the fact that the Act of Assembly, known as the Corrupt Practices Act, has done much towards purifying politics in Pennsylvania, says the DuBois Express. It has done away to a great degree with the practice so prevalent among candidates to go around and secure votes through the influence of being a good fellow in the way of buying the drinks and setting up the cigars to the voters. The candidates were quick to take advantage of the act and the majority of them absolutely refused to open their purse strings for anything. It helped out the poor candidate and placed him in a position of equality with the man that has a "barl." An editor in McKean county, however, is making an effort to read into the Act something that was never intended by the framers. This writer maintains that under the provisions of the act, no candidate can give a pledge declaring his position on issues that he may have to deal with in his official capacity if elected. This point is of particular interest at the present time as many candidates for legislative honors are being asked to define their position on important questions that seem destined to come up in Pennsylvania at the next session of the Legislature. Particularly is this so of the Local Option question. In speaking of the folly of such a construction of the act the Philadelphia Record has the following to say: "The Corrupt Practices Act would be ridiculous if it did anything like that. But it cannot be distorted. People are supported for election because they are known to favor certain policies and because those who support them believe they will do what they can in office to carry out such policies. A public declaration by a candidate is not a violation of any provision in the Corrupt Practices Act. That law was designated to prevent that corruption which is practiced in secret—bribery by the use of money, promise of favors and similar things. It does not in the least restrain a candidate who wants to let his constituency know what he stands for and what course he will pursue with regard to public questions should he be elected. As a matter of fact, all voters ought to know that much about a candidate in order to enable them to vote intelligently. When an effort is made to show that the law interferes with a frank public understanding between the candidate and the people it must be for some ulterior purpose, possibly to bring the law into disrepute. It is much too weak an effort to accomplish that end, however."

Percentages in Shopping.

"There goes one of the 5 per cent," said a conversational floorwalker in a big department store as he indicated a slender, active woman who was making rapidly for the street.

"You must be right, of course," remarked his visitor, "but what do you mean?"

"Why, I divide women shoppers into four classes—first, those who do not intend to buy; second, those who intend to buy, but don't know what they want; third, those who know what they want when they leave home, but become absolutely confused when they get among the goods, and, fourth, those who know all the time what they want, go direct and get it and get out as soon as possible.

"The fourth class, don't you know, constitute only about 5 per cent of the whole, and that woman's one of them. They are a blessing in a way, but unfortunately they don't turn in as much money as classes two and three."—New York Globe.

Attractive Show.

Here are a few selections from a circus poster recently displayed in Ambala, India:

"1. Some horses will make as very much better tricks.

"2. The clown will come and talk with that horses, therefore the audience will laugh itself very much.

"3. Boys will jump and roll in the mud.

"4. One man will walk on wire tight, he doing very nicely, because he is professor of that.

"5. Then will come the very much better dramatic:

"Notice.—No sticks will be allowed in the spectator, and he shall not making the smoke; also we don't make it only the fourth class.

"N. B.—The circus is the very much better; therefore he come to see that."

Smoothing the Way.

"My lawyer told me he thought I would have a hard time establishing my claims under the will."

"What did you say?"

"I asked him how much more money he wanted."

How to Get Poor Quick.

Do not try to save your loose change. It is too small an amount to put in the savings bank. It would not amount to much anyway, and there is great comfort in spending it. Just wait until you get sufficient words while before you deposit it.

Do not try to economize. It is an infernal nuisance to always try to save a few cents here and there. Besides, you will get the reputation of being mean and stingy. You want everybody to think you are generous.

Just look out for today. Have a good time as you go along. Just use your money yourself. Don't deprive yourself for the sake of laying up something for other people to fight over. Besides, you are sure of today. You might not be alive tomorrow.—Success Magazine.

Helping the Postoffice.

In a history of the great advance in postal methods accomplished by Sir Rowland Hill is given this anecdote: To the postoffice of at that time tiny Ambleside came one day a well to do man to buy a stamp to put on the letter he was about to post. "Is this new reform going to last?" he asked the postmaster. "Certainly," was the reply. "It is quite established." "Oh well, then," said the man; resolved to give the thing generous support, "give me three stamps!"

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.—Eliot.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $200,000.00
Resources about $900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN, ORLO J. HAMLIN, RALPH E. BURDICK, FRED D. GALLUP, JOHN FORREST, JAMES A. McKEAN, C. D. COMES, CHARLES McKEAN, H. H. REDFIELD

The Equitable Life Society

Is the Strongest Financial Institution in the World.

The Pittsburg agency wrote $1,957,000 of new business in November, breaking all records, and $12,000,000 in 1907.

Because of Unquestioned Stability it is the most popular insurance company in the Pennsylvania field.

A policy now will be a safe investment and present for your family.

Send me the your name and address.

L. FOSDICK,
Frick Bldg. Pittsburg

C. A. BURDICK, Local Agent

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

PALACE PHARMACY,
Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Our Suit and Overcoat
SALE
is now on.

IT IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

We have 50 Hart, Shaffner & Marx Suits from $20.00 up, that we are closing out at $14.00 per. Come and look.

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SALE SALE

BOOTS & SHOES

Over $2,000.00 worth of Boots and Shoes that will be sold at

50 per cent. below cost.

Over $3,000.00 worth of Dress Goods, Stockings, Leather Gloves and Mittens, Laces, Linings, Hats and Caps, Etc., will be sold at

25 per cent. below cost.

Come in and look over the stock. You will be sure to find something.

SALE SALE SALE SALE

D. C. YOUNG

SALE SALE

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle Palmer House, 35c
Emperor and Puritan 50c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

The Lindholm Co.

Is giving away Talking Machines. For three months—March, April and May—we will give cash checks with cash purchases, and for the return of $25.00 in these checks and $2.98 in cash we will give a $20.00 Talking Machine. The Machines are handsome and have a beautiful tone. Perfect in every respect. Hear some of the late pieces at our store.

In addition to this we will give a 10 inch record free with every $10.00 in cash trade. Your own selections.

This is a grand opportunity to get one of these fine Machines for your home.

Remember this offer is only for March, April and May.

The Lindholm Company.

DALY & GARLICK.

SWEEPING THE FIELD

THE 1908 IMPROVED

DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS

Sales to date more than double any previous year.

Now 1908 Catalogues—as interesting and superior as the Machines themselves—to be had for the asking.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 5, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Fry & Comes have a new ad to-day.

—The MINER and Metropolitan Magazine $1.65 in advance.

—Daly & Garlick have a new ad to-day that is of especial interest to dairymen.

—Mrs. Charles McKean entertained about thirty ladies at her home on Main street Monday afternoon.

—Your attention is directed to the change in the advertisement of Andorfer & Lyle, the new grocery firm.

—You need not get wet nor freeze when you wear a Cravenette coat. Monheimer advertises them at a big reduction.

—Mrs. W. S. Palmer entertained a party of friends Tuesday afternoon in honor of her friend, Mrs. Grandon of Tidioute.

—We understand that H. H. Redfield holds this season's record among local bowlers since last Saturday when he rolled up a score of 248.

—Percy Brown had his right hand painfully burned Tuesday afternoon while trying to coax his gas engine to perform its daily duties.

—The Lindholm Co. has a new ad this week. The company is giving away talking machines and tells you all about it in an interesting manner.

—The Ladies' Aid of St. Elizabeth's church will hold a cooked food sale in the basement of the parsonage on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

—Mrs. C. C. Choate entertained a number of friends at her home on Pike street Monday afternoon in honor of her friend, Mrs. Conant, of Bradford.

—Kane is all in a flutter this week because "Noodles" Fagan, the famous newsboy-orator is in town. This remarkable man is making a great hit in Kane.

—The borough council on Monday re-elected J. F. Rooney as president of that body. Mr. Rooney is highly esteemed by his fellow-members as well as the public in general.

—Cecil O'Brien had one of his fingers quite badly smashed a few days ago. He was roller skating and fell down and another skater stepped on the finger inflicting a painful injury.

—New subscriptions to the MINER are coming in a very satisfactory manner. There is always room for more on the list, however, and the dollar-a-year-in-advance rate is too favorable a proposition to be overlooked.

—Ira Hines of Ludlow is in jail on a charge of assault. He was given a hearing before Justice Hopkins in Kane Saturday and in default of $300 bail was committed to the county jail to await trial.

—An electric light plant for Smethport is among the possibilities of the near future. The establishment of such a plant is all talk at the present, but it is said some citizens are deeply interested in the matter.

—The Lemon Club gave another one of its popular dances Monday evening at the Lyceum. About 75 couples were in attendance and the occasion was one of great enjoyment. Chadwick's orchestra furnished music.

—U. H. Foote qualified as constable Monday and has entered upon the discharge of his duties in that office. He has had considerable experience as a policeman and the indications are that he will make a first-class constable.

—Only about three more weeks remain for delinquent subscribers to settle their accounts. After April 1, all subscribers more than one year in arrears will have to be dropped from the list and their accounts collected according to law.

—At the meeting of the borough council Monday night the following appointments were made: V. B. Bouton, solicitor; Olaf Hector, street commissioner; Chas. Lemmler, treasurer, and W. G. Holder, clerk.—Frank McCarty was reappointed chief of police.

—While excavating for a sewer in Franklin the workmen dug up portions of a human skeleton, including a leg and the pelvic bone. The digging was on the site of old Fort Franklin and it is conjectured the bones are those of someone who was buried within the fortress.

—Harold McCarty, son of Turnkey McCarty of the county jail, informs the MINER that he is now managing a minstrel company in that institution, and has officers on the look out for a few more singers and dancers. A colored trio recently imported from Bradford is one of the features of the olio.

—John Olson has broken his long silence and occasionally enters into conversation with Turnkey McCarty and his sons. He does not refer to his terrible crime at Wetmore a few weeks ago, but talks about various other subjects. During the week he has commenced to have a better appetite, and now eats quite heartily.

—Three negroes, W. C. Matthews, George Williams and Burd Tucker, are in jail charged with being mixed up in a shooting affray which occurred in Bradford last Sunday. The scene of hostilities was in the Whitechapel district and the negroes engaged in a fight with a white man named Burt Wilford. The result was disasterous for Burt as he received a bullet in his anatomy that gave the surgeons in the hospital a Sunday job. The wound was painful but not dangerous. The man now in jail will await developments until the June term of court.

—Michael Eagan, who retires from the position of street commissioner, will certainly an excellent man for that place. He was faithful and looked after his duties in a thorough and conscientious manner. Mr. Eagan wished to resign from the position some time ago, and was not a candidate for reappointment, as other business matters require his attention.

—Lenten devotions at St. Elizabeth's church: Sundays at 10:30 a. m., Mass and sermon; 7:30 p. m. Vespers (Stearns), sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Fridays, 7:45 p. m., Stations of the Cross and Benediction. Sunday, March 8th, 10:30 a. m., subject of sermon "Our Lord's Fast in the Desert," 7:30 p. m., "Christ before His Father."

—Dr. Griffis, who founded the present school system in Japan, and who was a resident of that country for a number of years, will give a lecture for the benefit of the Traveller's Club House fund, at the Baptist church, Monday evening, March 16th. Tickets, 35 cents, and may be had by applying to Mrs. E. A. Sundholme, or from any member of the Traveller's Club.

—Mr. and Mrs. Leo Digel have moved into one of W. P. Walsh's houses on Water street. Guy McCoy and family have moved from their former house on Union street to the dwelling at the corner of Green and Union streets, which Mr. McCoy is reported to have purchased from his father, F. A. McCoy. P. E. Brown and family now occupy the house vacated by Guy McCoy.

—A heavy mass of wet snow on the roof of an addition to E. W. Jones' livery stable caused the shed to collapse Sunday night, and the falling roof caused damage that Mr. Jones estimates will amount to between two and three hundred dollars. There were a number of cutters and carriages stored in the structure and the tops of several of them were totally destroyed and other damage resulted.

—William S. Donley, convicted of the assault and murder of his 9-year-old niece, which occurred at Renovo last fall, died in the Clinton county jail at Lock Haven a few days ago from starvation. On February 1st Donley was sentenced to be hanged for the most fiendish and brutal crime in the history of Clinton county. He refused to take food enough to keep him alive and death resulted.

—At the recent poultry show in Bradford J. M. Hornlein of Smethport was awarded one of the high prizes, a silver cup, for having on exhibition the best pair of birds of any person outside of the association. Mr. Hornlein went to Bradford Tuesday and secured his trophy. J. W. Waite of Smethport was also a prize winner being awarded the silver cup for the finest pen of Orpingtons on exhibition.

—The Wilcox district conference of the Swedish Lutheran church was held Tuesday and Wednesday at Bradford. The following ministers were present: The Rev. L. P. Ahlquist of Wilcox; the Rev. E. F. Aisson, Kane; the Rev. L. Hokenson, Port Allegany; the Rev. A. J. Eastam, Ridgway; the Rev. P. Kjellstrom, DuBois; Dr. F. Froeberg, Olean; the Rev. F. S. Olson, Mt. Jewett, the Rev. Randall, Dagus Mines; the Rev. A. Montan, Austin.

—A woman burglar entered the home of Z. B. Custer of Foreman street, Bradford, about 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, and finding no one at home proceeded to ransack the house. She carried away a large bundle of clothing belonging to the female members of the family. As she was leaving the house she met Mr. Custer and told him she was taking away the clothing to be dry-cleaned. After the theft was discovered a search was made for the woman but she could not be found.

—E. W. Jones is no longer a constable and it will take the people of this section some time to fully realize this fact. They have become accustomed to calling upon "Billy" Jones when in need of a constable's service and he would "deliver the goods" if it was in a man's power to do so. He leaves an enviable record behind him. Time and again he has risked his life with absolute fearlessness in the pursuit of dangerous criminals and has established a reputation for courage and tireless endeavors in the interests of law and order that reaches far beyond the borders of McKean county. Mr. Jones has many interests to look after, and at present not the least of them is his campaign matters in regard to his candidacy for the Republican nomination for sheriff.

—The Lancaster New Era of Monday contained the announcement of the Rev. William F. Shero's resignation as pastor of St. John's church in that city, giving as his reason a desire to accept an urgent and unsought call to another field of labor in the service of the Episcopal church. The vestry of St. John's church with feelings of deep regret have accepted the resignation of their rector, which takes effect May 1st, 1908, and marks the end of nearly ten years' faithful work in that parish. The Rev. Mr. Shero and family are well known and highly esteemed in Smethport. He was principal of the Smethport schools for several terms before he was ordained as a minister of the gospel and was one of the most thoroughly efficient men that ever held that position. Mrs. Shero, is a daughter of Hon. L. Rogers of Kane, formerly of Smethport.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Personal Mention.

J. M. Hilton was a visitor in Bradford yesterday.

Warley Gifford transacted business in Bradford yesterday.

Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison had business in Bradford yesterday.

Mrs. J. Cunningham has gone to Forest county to visit her daughter.

G. L. McCullun of Newark was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

Mrs. H. W. Rubin and daughter Stella, are visiting in Bradford this week.

John Walters of Norwich township made this office a pleasant visit Saturday.

Mrs. T. L. Sahan of Colegrove was a guest of friends in town a few days this week.

L. A. Boyer of Norwich township was in town yesterday and made the MINER office a welcome call.

Mrs. Fred Backus of Olean passed a few days in town this week a guest of relatives and friends.

Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany was a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp, this week.

Miss Frances Isherwood of Pittsburg is a guest of County Treasurer F. P. Isherwood and wife this week.

Misses Gertrude Long and Marie Reichart of Mt. Jewett were in attendance at the Lemon club dance Monday evening.

Mrs. Eugene Mullen of Bradford, who has been the guest of Mrs. T. H. Purtle for several days past, returned to her home this morning.

Elmer Raymer of Olean visited his parents in town the first part of the week and attended the dance at the Lyceum Monday night.

Miss Eva Hopper of Mt. Jewett was in town Thursday and Friday, a guest of friends. She attended the hose company's banquet and ball Thursday evening.

Hon. Robt. H. Rose of Binghamton, N. Y., was a guest of friends in town this week. Mr. Rose was formerly a prominent attorney of Smethport and is widely known and very popular with its people.

The Lock Haven State Normal School has had the most prosperous year in its history. Its equipment has been greatly improved and its faculty increased. Its splendid buildings and fine location make it an ideal school. The spring term begins April 6th. Write for its handsome catalog.

Lost.

A gold watch attached to black fob, Wednesday evening, on the streets of this borough. Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning to the Grange National Bank.

Closing out sale at store of D. O. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

Wanted.

Man with team to work dairy farm, with 12 cows, on shares. Good sober man with small family. D. C. YOUNG.

Lost.

A lady's buttonless tan glove for right hand. Finder return to Sheridan Gorton's office and receive reward.

Get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—is healing, soothing and cooling. It is good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, small, safe, sure little liver pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by C. H. Gleason.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

—NO MORE

useful garments are made than

Cravenette Coats

They are GUARANTEED to keep you warm when cold, and from getting wet when it rains. The very coat for all-around-the-year wear.

You Save from 3.50 to 6.50

by buying a CRAVENETTE COAT now.

To reduce our large stock of these Coats we will sell this week

12.50 & 13.50	Cravenette Coats	9.00
15.00 & 16.50	" "	12.00
18.50 & 20.00	" "	13.00

WM. MONHEIMER.

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

NEW GINGHAMS
New Printed Wash Goods

This week we place on sale a choice lot of new Wash Fabrics for Spring and Summer wear.

You'll be pleased with the new weaves and prints of which there is an abundance this season.

There's scarcely a wash goods want that cannot be here supplied and money saved on the transaction, too.

New ideas this year in addition to the Lawns, Batistes and Mulls, are Swiss Batistes, Chiffon Brilliant, Embd. Batistes, Silk Tissues, Cottosilk, Mirage, Voiles, Lorain Tissues, Shadow Plaid Voile Supreme—per yard ..... 10c to 50c

The best makes of Gingham, such as Bates and Palmer Seersuckers, Red Seals, Toile Du Nord, Barnaby Zephers, Parkhills, etc., per yard ..... 12½c to 25c

White Lawn Waists—The first shipment just arrived, from ..... $1.00 to $3.50

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

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LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

ANDORFER & LYLE
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The Best Line of Canned Goods

HEINZ PRESERVED FRUITS

First-Class Satisfaction Guaranteed

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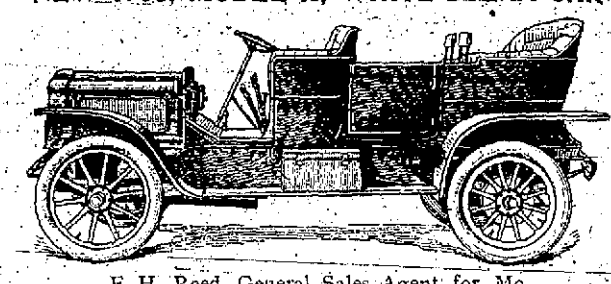
NEW 1908, MODEL K, WHITE STEAM CAR



F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

Plenty of light and no eye strain.
Steadier than gas or incandescent. Not so sharp as the arc light.
Just a big, round, smooth, bright flame.

Family Favorite Oil
The Best for Illuminating.

Gives the cheapest and best-for-the-eyes light known.
Removes all lamp troubles—no smoke, no soot, no dirt, no charred wicks.
Burns up full and bright to the last drop.
Your dealer will supply you right from the original barrel—direct from our refineries.

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WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

The Matchmakers

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

Copyrighted, 1908, by P. C. Eastman.

It was during the first course that Helena Brent made her entrance, and all the boarders at Mrs. Pennington's table looked up with soup spoons suspended. The dingy background of the dining room well heightened rather than diminished Helena's beauty. Against its dull tan and brown pattern her supple young figure stood like a brilliant bas-relief.

So Professor Macklyn thought as he looked at her quizzically from behind his steel rimmed eyeglasses. She was youth personified, and youth was at a premium at Mrs. Pennington's, where elderly bachelors and maiden ladies and middle aged married couples supped nightly on the viands Mrs. Pennington sparingly set forth.

Helena Brent was different from all these, and Professor Macklyn's own middle aged heart was going out to her in furtive sympathy when he caught the stealthy glance that little Miss Eustis sent to the other end of the table, where sat Ramsay Sturgis, the only young man in the house, a pleasant, frank eyed, broad shouldered fellow for whom Professor Macklyn had always felt an instinctive liking.

The professor's glance followed Miss Eustis' and rested there, while Ramsay Sturgis imperturbably went on with his dinner, unaware of any hoverings of romance, for as the professor looked quickly away again his eyes for a second time encountered those of Miss Eustis, and in their depths he saw the light of a born matchmaker before her lids dropped and hid the tiny spark.

She had a tender heart, this little Miss Eustis, in spite of her prim, spinisterial ways, and when the professor let himself into the chilly boarding house hall a few evenings later he found her there on guard.

From the parlor came sounds of a clear soprano voice, and presently another voice, undeniably masculine, joined in. Miss Brent and Mr. Sturgis were singing a college glee. Miss Eustis held up a warning finger.

"Don't disturb them," she begged. "It's so difficult to become really acquainted in a house like this, and they are getting on famously. She told me last night that they had discovered quite a number of mutual friends. They are both from the west, you know, and strangers to New York."

The professor disavowed any intention of entering the parlor and, leaping back against the wall, with his books balanced on one arm, listened contentedly to the music.

Miss Eustis listened too. Into the daily routine of her life had come something bright and vital, and her faded face glowed under the new impetus.

The professor likewise felt a sudden quickening impulse. There was a certain relish and novelty in playing the role of matchmaker. It occurred to him that he had kept too steadily to his books, and now a voice within him that he had long believed silent cried out for life and companionship. He turned to Miss Eustis.

"What do you think they'd say to a little theater party and oysters?" he demanded whisperingly.

Miss Eustis' eyes widened. She caught her breath.

"Why, professor," she gasped, "I didn't suppose that you"—

"Know what the taste of a good time was? Well, I did once, but I've been a bookworm these many long years, and it's time I learned the flavor of festivity again."

It was a flavor for which Helena Brent and Ramsay Sturgis were both equally keen, and so a radiant party of four clambered down the slippery, sand strewn steps of Mrs. Pennington's boarding house into the crisp wintry starlit night.

Through the hardening process of uneventful years Miss Eustis had reached a dreary apathy concerning clothes, but as it dawned on her that the theater party was only the first of a long series of occasions when she would be forced to play the chaperon her wardrobe began to receive particular and minute attention.

Her hair was loosened from its severe little knob at the back of her neck and curled softly around her temples as it had not done since she was a girl. A stiff, uncompromising walking hat was replaced by a toque mysteriously composed of violets and tulle.

Nor was the professor to be left behind in his sudden orgy of fashion. His rusty overcoat gave way to a handsomely tailored garment of black. His loose, uncertain colored neckties were removed and succeeded by the crispest, most up to date adornments the haberdasher's window displayed.

"We owe it to our young people," he declared as he and Miss Eustis strolled through the park one February afternoon. A little way ahead of them walked Helena Brent and Ramsay Sturgis.

Every now and then Helena's laughter drifted back to them, mingling with Ramsay's happy tones. The young man's salary had been doubled within the month, and Helena had begun to embroider initials on certain filmy muslin with a furious zeal.

The professor looked questioningly at Miss Eustis. "What do you think?" he queried.

"I don't think! I know!" she answered, and then added in evident trepidation: "But perhaps I oughtn't to have told you. I fancy the dear young things want to keep their secret a little while longer, and Helena hasn't spoken to me about it. But last night—I couldn't help seeing it—there was a diamond ring on her bureau in a little white satin case."

The professor beamed.

"And of course they'll go to housekeeping. Ramsay has always said that if he were married he'd have an apartment."

"There will be furniture to see to, and china and kitchen ware, but the dear children are so engrossed with their love affair that they haven't time for anything practical."

"We might look up the things beforehand, and then when the young people are ready give them the benefit of our superior wisdom," the professor suggested.

After that on Saturday afternoons, he and Miss Eustis roamed to far parts of the city to furniture, china and picture stores and to brass shops down on the east side.

There were bookstores, too, where the professor reveled. What, he questioned, could give more cheerful aspects to a room than volumes of limp red leather and andirons of hammered brass. They even found an apartment which combined the amazing trilogy of cheapness, beauty and light.

It was when they were secretly rejoicing over this discovery that the bomb fell. Miss Brent accosted Miss Eustis at the hour of kimonos and candlesticks.

"I've come to tell you," she said simply, "that I'm going to be married."

"I knew it all along, dear," said little Miss Eustis, and kissed her. "The professor and I consider Mr. Sturgis a splendid fellow."

Amazed laughter broke in ripples across the face of Helena.

"Mr. Sturgis!" she cried. "Why, how perfectly funny! Didn't you know it was engaged to a girl out west? He told me so the first night I ever met him. And he knows my fiance, Mr. Holbrook. That's what we used to talk about when we went walking."

"Then you were nothing—ever—but just—friends?" Miss Eustis' voice was very faint. She was wondering dimly how she was ever to break the news to the professor.

"Nothing but friends," echoed Helena Brent, and, with an odd little twitch of her lips, she bent and kissed Miss Eustis again.

At breakfast Miss Eustis intimated to the professor that she had something to tell him which was of supreme importance, and they sought the nearest avenue of the park.

Spring was in the land. The green grass was like a verdant shadow on the brown earth, and by the fountains sparrows were twittering noisily. An ungovernable lump rose in Miss Eustis' throat. The only romance at which she had ever assisted was at an end. Briefly she told the professor, who listened, agitated, disappointed and dismayed.

"Then it's all over?" he said.

"All over."

"And I had thought of them in their own home with all the things we chose around them."

"Oh, so had I!"

The professor looked at Miss Eustis. He had been realizing of late how pretty she had grown, with the delicate, fragile prettiness of a late summer rose.

It came to him with a sudden, stirring wrench that he would miss their walks and drives as he had missed nothing else in his meager, lonely life. There rose before him the vision of the house that they had planned together. His hand closed over hers.

"Elizabeth," he said, "as matchmakers we're a distinct failure, unless you're willing to retrieve it by marrying me. For, after all, that house that we dreamed of is our house. Our hearts and souls went into it, not theirs!"

She had meant to light the flame for others. Instead it had been lighted for her. She gave the professor an illumined look.

"I believe it is so, John," she said softly. "But, oh," she added a moment later, "they'll say it was they, not we, who made the match!"

"Let them say!" returned the professor happily.

An Important Personage.

An inquiring person in England came upon a veteran soldier sunning himself in front of a public house in Devonshire and began to question him about his campaigns and the leaders he had fought under. "Did you ever see Wellington?" asked the person finally.

"Did I ever see Wellington?" repeated the veteran, with a superior smile. "Why, I was lying on the ground at Waterloo when I 'eard the sound of 'osses' 'oofs, and then a voice called out, 'Is that you, Saunders?'

"I knowed the voice in an instant. It was the Dook of Wellington.

"'Yes, sir,' says I, most respectful.

"'Come 'ere,' says the dook.

"I riz, reluctant, from the ground, for I was tired out.

"'I want you should go back 'ome,' 'e says.

"'Why?' says I.

"'Becos you're killing too many men,' says 'e.

"And back 'ome I went," concluded the veteran, shifting his "game" leg into a more comfortable position.

A Bit of Vanity.

The doorbell of the Vanitys' house rang at about 8 o'clock the other night, and Mrs. Vanity said excitedly to her husband:

"There, Charles, I just know that's the furniture van coming with the new bedroom suit we bought today, and if it is I just won't receive it; that's all!"

"Why not?" asked Mr. Vanity.

"Why not?" replied Mrs. V. "Do you think I'm going to pay $20 for a suit and then have it sent out here after dark, so that none of the neighbors can see it when it's brought in? Not if I know myself!"—London Tit-Bits.

It will be unnecessary for you to go through a painful, expensive operation for Piles if you use ManZan. Put up in collapsible tube with nozzle, ready to apply to the soreness and inflammation. For any form of Piles, price 50, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A FINE SIGN LANGUAGE

Droll Incident in the Reign of James I. of England.

A TRICK ON AN AMBASSADOR

The Different Interpretations of the Same Acts Performed by a Crochety Spaniard and a Hard Headed and Canny Old Scotch Butcher.

It is said that King James I. on removing to London was waited upon by the Spanish ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a crotchet in his head that every country should have a professor of signs to teach him and the like of him to understand one another.

The ambassador was lamenting one day before the king this great desideratum throughout all Europe, when the king said to him: "Why, I have a professor of signs in the northernmost college in my dominions—viz, at Aberdeen—but it is a great way off, perhaps 600 miles."

"Were it 10,000 leagues off I shall see him," said the ambassador, "and am determined to set out in two or three days." The king saw he had committed himself and wrote, or caused to be written, to the University of Aberdeen, stating the case and desiring the professors to put him off some way or make the best of him. The ambassador arrived, was received with great solemnity, but soon began to inquire which of them had the honor to be professor of signs.

Being told that the professor was absent in the highlands and would return nobody knew when, the ambassador said, "I will wait his return, though it were twelve months."

Seeing that this would not do and that they had to entertain him at a great expense all the while, they contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He was got instructed to be professor of signs, but not to speak on pain of death. Geordy cheerfully undertook the role. The ambassador was told that the professor of signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly.

Next day Geordy was gownued, wigged and placed in a chair of state in a room in the college, all the professors and the ambassador being in an adjoining room. The ambassador was shown into Geordy's room and left to converse with him as well as he could, the professors awaiting the issue with fear and trembling.

The ambassador held up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy held up two of his. The ambassador held up three; Geordy clinched his fist and looked stern. The ambassador then took an orange from his pocket and held it up; Geordy took a piece of barley cake from his pocket and held that up. After which the ambassador bowed to him and retired to the other professor, who anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother.

"He is a perfect miracle," said the ambassador. "I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies."

"Well," said the professors, "to descend to particulars."

"Why," said the ambassador, "I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that these are the Father and Son. I held up three, meaning the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost; he clinched his fist, to say that these three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessaries, but the luxuries, of life, upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that it was the staff of life and preferable to every luxury."

The professors were glad that matters had turned out so well; so, having got quit of the ambassador, they next got Geordy to hear his version of the signs.

"Well, Geordy, how have you come on and what do you think of your man?"

"The rascal!" says Geordy. "What did he do first, think ye? He held up one finger, as much as to say, You have only one eye. Then I held up two, meaning that my one eye was perhaps as good as both his. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers, to say that there were but three eyes between us, and then I was so mad at the scoundrel that I steeked my neive and was to come a whack on the side of his head and would ha' done it, too, but for your sakes. Then the rascal did not stop with his provocation here, but, forsooth, takes out an orange, as much as to say, Your poor, beggarly, cold country cannot produce that. I showed him a whang of a bear bannock, meaning that I did na' care a farthing for him nor his trash neither as lang's I ha' this. But, by a' that's guid," concluded Geordy, "I'm angry yet that I didn't thrash the hide o' the scoundrel!"—London T. P.'s Weekly.

The Wily Owl.

A party of horsemen were traveling along Bridge creek, a tributary of Bad Water river, Wyoming, when their horses suddenly shied off the track at the sound of a rattle. Search was made for the snake, but it was finally found that the sound proceeded from the burrowing owl, which lives in the burrows of the prairie dog, often, it is said, in company with the rattlesnake. Seated on a post the party heard the owl give a third rattle. And whenever they passed the spot it gave warning by its rattle, and the horses always shied off the track in alarm.—American Naturalist.

Beware of no man more than thyself.—Terence.

Be careful about that little cough. Get something right away; some good, reliable remedy that will move the bowels. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup acts gently yet promptly on the bowels and allays inflammation at the same time. It is pleasant to take and it is especially recommended for children, as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

A BILL IN CONGRESS.

The Method by Which a Measure Is Transformed Into Law.

On a day set for the consideration of the bill the house goes into committee of the whole. A chairman appointed by the speaker presides. The bill is read by sections and clauses after general debate has closed, and any member may offer amendments. All voting in committee is by rising. The yeas and nays are not taken.

When the bill has been gone through and all amendments have been voted upon, the committee rises and the chairman reports the bill back to the house, with the amendments. The house then votes upon them either singly or in gross and by yeas and nays if they are ordered to be taken.

The bill is then ordered to be engrossed—that is, written out in a fair hand and just as it is after being amended—and to be read a third time. As it is usually already engrossed it is at once read the third time—by title, as before—and passed.

The clerk takes the bill to the senate, by which body it is referred to the finance committee. In due time the committee, if it sees fit, and not otherwise, reports the bill back to the senate, with propositions to amend. In the senate the bill is considered "as in committee of the whole," the amendments of the finance committee and other volunteer amendments are accepted or rejected, they are again voted upon when the bill is reported to the senate from the committee of the whole, and the bill is passed.

As the two houses are not agreed upon the bill, a committee of conference, usually consisting of three members of each branch of congress, is appointed. The committee, when it has come to an agreement, reports to each house, and the acceptance of the report is the final stage of the bill in its passage.

The measure is now "enrolled"—that is, it is printed in large, open type upon a parchment—and is taken first to the house, where it is signed by the speaker; then to the senate, where the vice president signs it, and finally to the president, and makes the bill a law.

Congress is notified that the bill has been approved, and the original copy of the act is deposited in the department of state.—Edwin Tarrisse in Harper's Weekly.

Full of Reminiscence.

At the different army stations in the west it is the practice for the officers on leaving their post for some distant station to sell off everything they do not care to keep. In connection with this custom in "Reminiscences of a Soldier's Wife" Mrs. Ellen Biddle tells an amusing story.

There was a very estimable woman living at the garrison, a veritable Mrs. Malaprop. She told us of some jewelry she had lost, and among the things was a topaz chain with a beautiful "pendulum."

The lady held an auction before she left, after her husband's death, and when some silver plated knives were put up for sale she rose and in a sobbing voice said: "Oh, dear, no! I cannot sell them! They have been in dear John's mouth too often!"

Lasting.

"Your suggestion," said a depositor to the bank receiver, "offers very cold comfort. It is a bachelor's comfort—that is to say, no comfort at all."

"What," said a bachelor to a Benedict, "only married a year and already so blue?"

"Ah, but," groaned the Benedict, "I never imagined that a wife would prove so expensive."

The bachelor patted the blue mantled man on the back in a consolatory way.

"Yes, he said, "a wife is an expensive article, that is true. But then you must remember that she lasts a very long time."

Aristocracy.

What subsists today by violence continues tomorrow by acquiescence and is perpetuated by tradition till at last the hoary abuse shakes the gray hairs of antiquity at us and gives itself out as the wisdom of ages. Thus the clearest dictates of reason are made to yield to a long succession of follies. And this is the foundation of the aristocratic system at the present day. Its stronghold, with all those not immediately interested in it, is the reverence of antiquity.—Edward Everett.

Satan Terrified.

There is as great genius displayed in advertising as in the higher branches of literature. No problem daunts the modern advertising man.

In the window of a little book store in Eighth avenue, New York, was recently heaped a great pile of Bibles marked very low. Never before were Bibles offered at such a bargain, and above them all in big letters was the inscription:

Satan trembles when he sees
Bibles sold as low as these.

Well Grounded.

"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?" asked the anxious millionaire.

"I would put it even stronger than that," replied the private tutor. "I may say that he is actually stranded on them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Certainly Would.

City Man (to villager)—Wouldn't it open your eyes if you were to look across at that lot there and see one of our city skyscrapers covering it? Village Man—Waal, I guess I would, seein' as I've got twenty head o' cattle grazin' there.—Bohemian.

Wait is a hard word to the hungry.—German Proverb.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

A BIT TOO SHREWD.

One Venture In Which the Captain Overreached Himself.

One of Uncle Sam's customs officials, noted for his success in unmasking smugglers, said the other day in a discussion of a customs officer's duties:

"One must be shrewd, but not too shrewd; otherwise one overreaches oneself, like Captain Harrow of Isleborough.

"Captain Harrow of Isleborough was trading at Key West in a small vessel. Business took him up the coast to Tampa bay, and he bought twenty dozen chickens from a farmer at $4 a dozen.

"The chickens were all sizes—some a few days old and no bigger than canary birds; some fat and large, like turkey gobblers. The captain expected to make a lot of money out of them. He was very shrewd at a trade.

"Well, at Key West a hotel man came aboard and looked the chickens over.

"'They are fine birds,' he said. 'How much?'

"'If you pick them out yourself,' said Captain Harrow shrewdly, 'I'll have to charge you $6 a dozen. If I pick them out, I can let you have them for $3.'

"'All right. You pick them out,' said the hotel man.

"Captain Harrow picked out a dozen chickens of the canary bird size.

"'There you are, twelve prime broilers,' he said with a leer.

"'Go ahead,' said the hotel man calmly; 'another dozen.'

"The next dozen was of necessity larger.

"'Go on,' said the hotel man. 'Keep on picking them out.'

"And the third dozen was larger still. The captain looked at his patron anxiously.

"'Keep right on.'

"The next dozen was fine and plump, and the next comprised the biggest and fattest of the chickens.

"'Keep right on picking them out, captain.'

"Then at last Captain Harrow saw how he had overreached himself. The hotel man bought his whole lot of chickens at $3, and thus the captain lost on the speculation $20 in cash, to say nothing of feed and labor."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE WORLD DRYING UP.

Possibility That the Human Race Will Die of Thirst.

We are to die of thirst. Comparatively few persons know the suffering involved in a thirst for which there is no help at hand. The consuming thirst more than the pain of any wound makes the battlefield a hell. Yet death by thirst is the doom forecast for the race by grim scientists. Geologists find that the fresh water supply of the globe is failing. They have data which point to the gradual withdrawal of the streams and other bodies of water from the surface. Both in Africa and central Asia and, indeed, in all the great levels the water beds are drying up. A great number of lakes well known in the historical age have entirely disappeared. For example, Lake Chirona, in Africa, has vanished within recent years, as has also Lake Ngami, discovered by Livingstone. Lake Tchad is more than half dried up. For centuries bodies of water in central Asia have been evaporating and the deserts extending. Where 2,000 years ago great cities stood in east Turkestan there are found only vast and depressing stretches of sand. The river Tarim, once a principal Asiatic route, is almost gone, and Lob-Nor, formerly four times the area of Lake Geneva, is now but a shallow marsh. The same sad conditions are noted in European Russia. Novgorod, the most pushing city in the czar's dominated realm, was surrounded by water in the middle ages. While we may be sure that the fate which the geologists suggest for humanity is very far away, the facts recited to show the drying up process are convincing proofs of the need of preserving our forests with more care.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Test Case.

"I'm a 'beauty doctor,'" announced the stranger with the hand satchel full of cosmetics and massage machines. "Do you think I could get any practice around here?"

"Yeou make ugly things pretty, don't yeou?" drawled the old farmer in the speckled shirt.

"That's my business, sir."

"Waal, if yeou'll go down back of my barn yeou'll find an old slate covered cow with one eye and one horn and wrinkles like canals all over her face. She's the ugliest cow in seven states, and if yeou can make her pretty I'll agree that yeou be a 'beauty doctor' an' give yeou a dollar."—Chicago News.

Apparent.

"Pardon me," began the new acquaintance, "but are you the Mr. Cadley Nuritch who wrote that magazine article last month for us?"

"Yes," interrupted Nuritch, "but of course you'll understand that I don't make a business of that sort of thing."

"Of course. I know that. I read the article."—Philadelphia Press.

Scientific Loafing.

"Chess, checkers and whist are marvelous inventions," says the philosopher of folly. "They enable a man to waste his time and still have the feeling that he is accomplishing something intellectual."—Cleveland Leader.

Making Faces.

Saucee—I saw a man in a window making faces today. Symple—What was he doing that for? Saucee—For a couple of clocks. He is a jeweler.—London Fun.

Boca Laxative Cough Syrup for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough grows in favor daily with young and old. Mothers should keep it on hand for children. It is prompt relief to croup. It is gently laxative, driving the poison and phlegm from the system. It is a simple remedy that gives immediate relief, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheets
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Mouton, Smethport.
Member Ist Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnamahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. O. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. T. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; A. A. Abbey, Alfred Hagbood, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD E. FAY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 297, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

F. R. FOSTER, R. K.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIDDIE, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

E. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 43, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EBERSBACH, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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THE NEW YORK WORLD

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In Spite of Aunt Merrivale.

By ETHEL DOUGLAS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by M. M. Cunningham.

Nancy started angrily as the porter dropped a suit case into the front seat of her section and Philip Graham followed him to the seat.

"This is ungenerous," she said tensely when the porter had taken himself off. "How did you discover that I was coming?"

"I am afraid that you will not credit my protestations," said Graham soberly, "but I assure you that my surprise equals your own. I was telegraphed for not two hours ago. I had just time to throw a few things into the suit case and run for the train. I was under the impression that you were to remain with your aunt a week and that last night would make no difference in your plans."

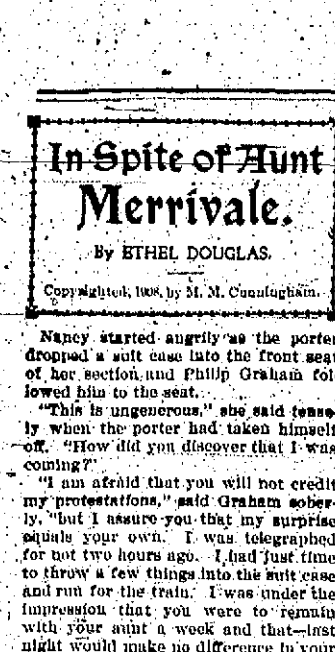
"Last night had nothing to do with it," disclaimed Nancy. "Father wired for me. I am afraid that it is serious, and you elect to follow me and annoy me with your arguments."

"I have already assured you of my entire ignorance of your presence on the flier," said Philip stiffly. "In proof of my good intentions I shall betake myself to the smoker until I am able to arrange an exchange of seats with the conductor."

He raised his hat and stalked forward in the direction of the cafe car, leaving Nancy with her feelings sadly ruffled. Only the night before Graham had proposed to her and had been refused. She was certain that her aunt, Mrs. Merrivale, had managed to get word to Philip that Nancy had been telegraphed for. His presence here was a part of Mrs. Merrivale's match-making plans.

Had she been left to herself Nancy would have accepted Graham; but, being a young person of spirit, she declined to be forced upon Graham or to have him forced upon her. From the beginning Aunt Merrivale's plans had been too obvious.

They were flying through the yard now. She could not leave the train.



GRAHAM PASSED HER ON HIS WAY TO THE DINING CAR.

Of course Philip would be back later to explain that he was unable to effect an exchange into another car. Probably he would spend the evening across the section from her, and unlike the men, there was no place to which Nancy could retreat.

She was genuinely surprised when presently a strange porter came for the suit case, placing another in the seat in its place. She smiled to herself with satisfaction. It was plain to be seen that she had shown Graham how she had penetrated his plan, and he had acknowledged his defeat. Idly she wondered if he would leave the train at Philadelphia; then mentally she scolded herself for taking any interest in Philip Graham's movements.

They were well past Philadelphia when Graham passed her on his way to the dining car, and Nancy rather admired him for his persistence in remaining away from her. At least he was too clever to betray his disappointment that his ruse had failed.

The night had settled down. Lights were dull, and reading was impossible. Nancy had answered the first call for dinner, and she resigned herself to idling the long hour until the berths were made up. The message calling her home had been vague in the extreme, and in its very vagueness it was the more alarming. Her father might be dying for all she knew, and the thought bore down upon her.

She was peculiarly sensitive to moods, and the atmosphere of the half deserted car was depressing. Through the closed door of the stateroom at her back came the wailing cry of a baby, to which was occasionally added the more lusty note of a growing child. Across the aisle a man played innumerable games of solitaire, the sharp whir of the shuffle punctuating his grunting, half audible comments at the run of bad luck. Just ahead two women were discussing dressmaking in shrill tones which rose above the steady rattle of the train, and here and there some man leaned idly back in his seat and turned his newspaper with a rustle that jarred on nerves already at a tension.

Nancy felt that she must scream. She had slept little the night before after her interview with Philip, and when at last she had been able to doze off she had been aroused to read the telegram calling her home. From then until train time it had been a steady confusion, and the meeting with Philip in the car had added the final touch to her nervous condition.

As he returned from the diner to seek the car ahead she half started from her seat, but sank back in confusion. It would never do to tell Philip that she needed him. He would think that she was seeking to reopen the question of last night, and he would suggest that the need was permanent.

But as the minutes dragged past Nancy's discomfort increased, and at last she signaled the porter and directed him to go after Graham. The porter grinned understandingly as he went forward to the cafe car and presently returned with Graham, whom he presented with the proud air of accomplishment worn by the magician who extracts a rabbit from a hat.

"You are ill?" Philip asked, with grave concern, as he noticed the drawn lips and the feverish sparkle of her eyes.

"Not ill," she explained, "but I shall be presently if I have to sit here and listen to the wailing of those children, with no one to talk to. I thought—perhaps—you wouldn't mind doing a charitable act and talk to me for a little while."

"Philanthropy becomes a pleasure when it assumes so inviting a form," he declared, with a smile, as he sank into the seat beside her.

Graham was a capital conversationalist, and almost before she realized it the porter had begun to take down the berths, and Graham glanced at his watch.

"Don't go yet," pleaded Nancy, and Graham smiled.

"I was going to ask permission to wait until after the next stop," he said. "We can take a little walk on the station platform and get a breath of fresh air before we face the smother of the berths."

"There's the whistle now," said Nancy as she reached for her hat.

The train slowed down, and presently they were pacing up and down the platform. There was a sharpness in the air that was grateful after the overwarmed car, and Nancy was sorry when the warning came to get aboard again.

The porter from Graham's car approached them as Nancy resumed her seat. He handed Graham a telegram.

"I wired your father for more particulars," Philip explained when he had read the message. "Your aunt from San Francisco is visiting your father and wished to see you before she returns to the coast."

"Is that all?" Nancy's face expressed the relief she felt. "Isn't it odd I never thought of that? But I never told you that I was worried about father," she added.

"Not in words," he admitted. "I could see it in your face. And now that your mind is set at rest I shall say good night."

Nancy watched him until he had almost reached the end of the aisle; then she ran after him, catching up with him just as he reached the vestibule.

"Is that all you wanted to say?" she asked as she swayed lightly toward him.

"Not all I wanted to say," he replied, "but all that I was permitted to say."

"The rest is permitted and the answer is 'Yes' this time," was the impulsive reply. "I'll marry you even if Auntie Merrivale does want me to."

And Graham's eyes smiled comprehendingly as he bent and kissed the rosy lips. He was not appreciative of matchmakers himself.

Colors In Dreams.

Red and yellow are the dream colors, if Dr. Havelock Ellis is right. No other hues come to the dreamer of dreams. Simroth has declared that red is the most primitive of colors, and long ago protoplasm from which human beings derived their origin on the new earth probably responded to or was affected by red color waves.

In the depth of the sea the algae, or seaweed, are red. With the savage red is the favorite color, and for a bright piece of red calico African savages gladly would give valuable elephant tusks.

Red strikes the note of intense emotions. It is the color of joy, exultation, jubilation. Savages paint themselves red and rejoice at seeing each other in burning hues. German women of the early ages daubed their bodies with brilliant red and yellow and considered themselves most beauteously adorned.

On sacred festivals in Rome and Greece, Pliny records, red was smeared over the statues of Jupiter and was the color of religious rejoicing. The human eyes, it is said, can distinguish 100,000 different hues or colors and can appreciate and differentiate twenty shades of each hue. In other words, the eye is capable of 2,000,000 color impressions.

His Diamonds and His Paste.

Bob Palmer, the comedian, had been originally a billsticker, a fact pretty generally known among his colleagues of the stage. One evening when dressed for the character of Sir Brilliant Fashion he strutted into the greenroom with buckles sparkling on his shoes and a fine diamond on his finger. A brother actor inquired if his gems were real. "To be sure they are. I wear nothing but diamonds," was the reply, whereupon Bannister remarked, "I congratulate you, Bob, for I can remember when you wore nothing but paste."

Palmer did not take the joke with becoming good humor, and an angry altercation ensued, which was only broken when Mrs. Jordan cried out: "Why don't you stick him against the wall, Bob? Stick him against the wall!"—London Telegraph.

LITERARY BULLS.

For Instance, the "Groan That Gurgles From the Slain."

Macaulay once reviewed a poem in which a climax of absurdity was reached with this line:

And hear'st each groan that gurgles from the slain,

The poetic license which lets a groan gurgle from a slain man is capable of letting him walk into town from the field of battle, collect the amount of his life insurance policy and hand it to his widow. It brings to mind the heroic warrior of whom it is said that "thrice he slew the slain" and the Irish member of parliament who convulsed the house of commons by exclaiming that he would die as a soldier first and a man afterward.

But, strange to say, Macaulay himself has made a similar blunder. In his "Battle of Lake Regillus" the following lines occur:

The shouting of the slayers
And screeching of the slain.

Did these writers make these slips in the heat of battle or were they testing the intellectual neuteness of their readers? There is a story of a German schoolmaster who used to call out his class in history and begin to tell them of the Thirty Years' war. "Yes, children," he would say, "this is a subject in which I am especially interested, as my grandfather often told me about it. He was a well to do linkeeper, and one day as he was standing in his doorway a mounted soldier came galloping up at a furious rate. 'What's the matter?' asked my grandfather. 'Matter enough,' answered the dragoon. 'Don't you know that the Thirty Years' war has begun today?'" At this point the ancient pedagogue would pause and survey his class. Then a smile would overspread his rubicund countenance if a hand was raised and a boyish treble asked how the dragoon knew the war would last thirty years. Perhaps objects, too, would play the schoolmaster and smile if we should ask them how it is possible for the slain to groan or screech.—George Seibel in Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

THE STUPID SWAN.

Graceful and Beautiful, the Bird Is a Nincompoop.

To the mind of the average farmer nothing which walks on two legs is quite so stupid as a hen. He is mistaken, though, for there still remains that beautiful, graceful nincompoop, the common swan. The swan is so stupid that it will stand in the shallow part of a pond and allow the water to freeze round its legs till the ice is so thick that it cannot lift its feet and it is stuck fast. Not infrequently owners of these handsome but witless birds are compelled to chop away sufficient ice to make it possible for them to withdraw their imprisoned feet.

The stupidity of the swan in this respect is emphasized by the intelligence exhibited by ornamental ducks when the weather turns cold. As night comes on and the water begins to freeze the ducks begin swimming in a wide, well defined circle. Round and round they go during the entire night, keeping all the water within that circle free from ice, so that when the day dawns they can doff about and dive in the sun. Ducks are always most active during the night and choose the day for sleeping.

But to return to the swan. If you find one of these birds some distance from the water and startle it, the swan will rush a few feet toward the pond and then drop down on the ground and try to go through the motions of swimming, apparently unable in its fright to realize that it has not yet reached the water.

Neither is the common swan a good fighter. The black swan, although one-half its size, is invariably the victor in the combats which are sometimes engaged in and generally kills its antagonist. The black swan usually provokes the fight, too, for it is rather a quarrelsome bird.—Washington Star.

Do Fish Feel Pain?

How sensitive to pain are fish? A correspondent writes: "I have a small pond which is stocked with trout. I keep an accurate account of those I catch and note when I lose any. One morning a big rainbow trout broke the worm hook with which I had hooked him. That evening I hooked and landed a good trout, also with worm tackle, which proved to be my friend of the morning, as right down in his stomach was the broken gut and hook, and, beside this, in his lip was a March brown fly hook which, according to my fishing book, must have been there many weeks. A fish with a fly hook in his mouth, a worm hook in his stomach and, ready to gulp down bait must be quite impervious to what we mortals call pain."

Don't Bear Malice.

A man who harbors malice is liable to commit murder. A man who hates another a long time is sure to get into a fight with him sooner or later, and when the fight finally comes there is likely to be mischief done. Men wait for years for the first blow, and the first blow is liable to be with a deadly instrument. Don't waste your energy in hating people. Such a course would make you wretched and finally get you into trouble.—Atchison Globe.

Water.

Schoolmaster (at end of object lesson)—Now, can any of you tell me what is water? Small and Grubby Urchin—Please, teacher, water's what turns black when you puts your 'ands in it.—Dundee Advertiser.

The attire of some men would seem to indicate that their tailors can't tell the difference between a fit and a convulsion.—New York Times.

To stop that pain in the back, that stiffness of the joints and muscles, take Pineules. They are guaranteed. Don't suffer from rheumatism, backache, kidney trouble, when you get 30 days' treatment for $1.00. A single dose at bedtime proves their merit. Get them today. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A Corner In Valentines.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"I'd like my New York paper," said Mr. Timothy Scott for the fourth time that morning.

"Just a moment, Mr. Scott," said the busy clerk apologetically. "You see we are very busy today," he continued, hastily making change for a small girl who had purchased a valentine. "Tomorrow's Valentine day, you know."

"I ought to know," growled Mr. Scott irascibly. "You have informed me of that fact four distinct times this morning. Do you mean to say that all these people are buying idiotic pictures to send to their friends?"

"They are buying valentines—yes, sir," returned the clerk, with an apprehensive glance toward the several customers. "Your paper will be ready in a moment, sir. The package has not been opened yet."

So busy selling valentines, of course. You needn't repeat the explanation," snapped Mr. Scott, turning toward the door. Pausing in the entrance, he looked back. The little stationer's was the only shop of its kind in the village. Here alone bloomed the flower garden of valentines. Here alone was the source of his annoyance. A diabolical plan entered Mr. Timothy Scott's clever head. A voice interrupted his musings.

"Here is your paper at last, Mr. Scott," said the clerk affably. The old gentleman looked about the store as he pocketed the paper. The other customers had departed; he was the only one there.

"Show me all the valentines you have in stock," he ordered sharply.

"Yes, yes, sir," gasped the perturbed clerk as he dived beneath the counter. Presently he emerged, dusty and breathless, bearing several large green pasteboard boxes.

"These in the store," he said, indicating the interior of the small room, "and these in the boxes are all we have."

Mr. Scott looked around at the rows of valentines. There were picture postals, lace paper missives, a few silk and satin beauties and an assortment of the coarse "comic" valentines. All of them expressed varied degrees of sentiment, and they were all resplendent in cupids, intertwined hearts, flowers and tender verses.

"I will take them all," said Mr. Timothy Scott, reaching for his pocketbook.

The agitated shopman stared vacuously until he caught the furtive gleam in the customer's eye; then, with trembling fingers, he collected the valentines and placed them in boxes. In ten minutes the store was denuded of its festive array, and Mr. Timothy Scott was the proud possessor of six huge boxes of valentines.

"Can you obtain any more for me?" he asked sharply.

"No, sir," said the clerk. "There isn't another one in the village, and I couldn't get any one to drive twenty miles to Millertown after some."

"Very good," said Mr. Timothy Scott as he paid his bill. "I will send my man after the boxes," he said as he left the store and entered the storm of flying flakes. There promised to be a heavy snowfall, and Mr. Scott tramped cheerfully toward his handsome home very well satisfied with the result of his morning's work.

Late that afternoon old Benjamin staggered into the house under the load of boxes from the stationer's, and his master ordered them placed in a corner of the library, where he sat toasting his feet before the pleasant blaze.

"Dis yer paper is all de mail dey was, sah," said the negro as he placed the evening newspaper at his master's elbow. "Somehow, Mr. Timothy, seems like dey's powerful lot o' excitement down to de postoffis, sah."

"What sort of excitement, Benjamin?" asked Mr. Scott absently.

"Why, I dunno sackly, sah. I heard Mr. Downs say as how somebody had boughten ebery valentine dey was in Beechcove, and dey wan't one to be had for love or money, nohow. Some axs like dey was put out about it. I 'spect some gemman has a lot o' lady friens he's gwine to remember dis yer day," he chuckled gleefully.

Timothy Scott's weazened little face flushed under its mat of snow white hair. "That will do, Benjamin," he said gravely, and the old servant retired.

"I dunno, Hetty," he confided to his better half, who was washing dishes in the kitchen, "seems like Mr. Timothy's growing pesky irritable lately."

"What's he been a-sayin' now?" wheezed Hetty, lumbering across the room. "I don't set no store by ole Mach's. Dey's powerful peevish and hard to suit."

"I don't recomember what he sayed," returned Benjamin dubiously, "but he did look like he mought be sayin' something befo' long."

Mr. Timothy Scott sat late before his cheerful fire that evening with a feeling of discomfort beneath his white waistcoat whenever his gaze encountered the pile of boxes in the corner of the room.

"What are you going to do with us?" they seemed to ask reproachfully. "Are you going to send us on our several ways to cheer sorrowful lovers and make little children smile?"

No, Mr. Timothy Scott was not going to help the valentines to fulfill their several missions. He frowned aggressively into the fire, and the glowing embers sent shafts of light up the chimney and framed pictures in which valentines played many a part, and that was very strange too.

There was a picture of a girl, such a pretty girl, small and dainty, with black hair and soft black eyes. She wore a white gown and a blue ribbon, and she was giving Mr. Timothy Scott a valentine, and Mr. Timothy Scott seemed to be very glad to get it. And there was another picture of the same girl, and a white gown and a blue ribbon, but her eyes were full of tears and pleading, while Mr. Timothy Scott was frowning at her with thick brows drawn closely together and a very angry countenance, and young Mr. Scott turned away and left the girl, and he never once looked back.

Thirty long years had he waited for her to send for him, but she had never evinced a sign that she knew Mr. Timothy Scott, save that she dipped a little old fashioned courtesy whenever they met. And that had all happened thirty years ago, and she had never married and neither had he. She lived in a big, lonely house at one end of the village and he at the other in a house just as large and as lonely.

Something rolled down Mr. Timothy's nose and splashed on the white waistcoat. He jumped up and blew his nose violently. He rang the bell for Benjamin.

"More wood, Benjamin," he ordered sharply. "My fire is going out, and I am taking a cold."

The next morning after breakfast Mr. Timothy locked himself in the library and went to his safe, where he unlocked a secret drawer and took out a yellowed cyclope, from which he drew a faded little valentine, the self same valentine that the girl in the fire picture had given to young Timothy Scott. This he placed carefully in his letter case. Then he called Benjamin.

"Have the sleigh around at 10 o'clock," he said suddenly and the grizzled old servant hobbled away with alacrity.

Down the village street glided the great Russian sleigh, bedecked with gilding, the handsome bays and Mr. Timothy Scott, muffled to the ears in furs, sitting in the back. People stared after the sleigh curiously, for the sight of the master of Scott house recalled to their minds that he was responsible for the fact that few people in Beechcove had received valentines that morning.

Through the great bronze gateway, which he had not passed since that other day so many years ago, they dashed up the broad avenue, sweeping in front of the colonial house, and he alighted with brisk agility. The long wait in the familiar drawing room, the parting of the velvet curtains, the coming of a diminutive figure with snowy hair piled high, soft black eyes and white dress, with knots of violet ribbon, and then: "Timothy," she said gently, "I knew you must come some day."

The minister married them that afternoon—Violet Allen and Timothy Scott. Then the newly wedded pair entered the sleigh and were sped down the avenue and up the street to the Scott house, where old Hetty baked and brewed in a whirl of mad excitement. Benjamin was sent on fifty errands about the village, and when evening came there was a merry gathering of people in the old house. Every man, woman and child who was able to be about was there. The walls of the fine rooms were hung with gay valentines. The tables were covered with them. They were pinned to the draperies and suspended from the chandeliers.

Timothy Scott and his beautiful bride received their neighbors cordially. There was a banquet in the huge dining room, music in the hall, and then the bride gave to each departing guest a valentine as souvenir of the occasion.

"Timothy," said the bride when they stood alone before the hearth fire, "we must repeat this every year when Valentine's day comes around—the reception, the supper, the music, the giving of valentines."

"We will," said Timothy solemnly.

More Than He Could Do.

It was an interesting time at the house of Dobbs, and finally when the doctor came out into the hall Dobbs was in a state of excitement equal to an election night.

"Well, doctor?" he said inquiringly, grabbing the physician's coat front with both hands.

"Twins," responded the doctor briefly.

"How—how—many?" he asked in a dazed manner.

"The usual number," replied the doctor, smiling.

"Oh, yes—ah—excuse me, doctor. Boys or girls?"

"Boys."

"Boys?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm a ruined man!"

"Ruined?" was the surprised answer. "What's the matter with you?"

"Why, doctor, for the last twenty years it's been all I could do to meet the demands of my boys for my old clothes, and now at my time of life to have to commence to wear two pairs of trousers at once in order to keep up with the procession is more than I can undertake. I see ruin with a big R staring me in the face, and I can't make a move to defend myself."

The doctor gave him a dose of chloral to quiet his nerves.

A Razorless Race.

The only known race of hairy human beings reside on the island of Yezzo, adjoining Japan. They are about 100,000 in number and are known to the Japanese as the "Mosinos" or "all hairy people." They have the entire body covered with a profuse and remarkable growth of hair, the only exception being that the faces of the women are bare, but usually stained with a kind of juice so as to resemble the beards of the males.

THE PYGMY EARTH.

Vast Dimensions of the Sun as Compared With the World.

A dime held at arm's length from the eye will much more than cover the entire disk of the sun. If it were placed at the exact point of coincidence and its diameter and distance from the eye accurately measured, it might be used as a means of determining the sun's diameter, his distance being known. The foremost philosophers of long ago would have been appalled at the true statement of both the sun's distance and its size.

The sun's diameter is about 866,000 miles. It is bewildering to be assured that it would take 1,300,000 earths to equal the sun in volume. If the interior of that truly gigantic globe were hollow and the earth were placed at its center with the moon revolving about it at its usual mean distance of nearly 240,000 miles, there would still exist a vacuity between the moon and the inclosing shell of the sun of nearly 200,000 miles. This is perhaps the most graphic and impressive illustration possible of the sun's colossal bulk. We must note, however, that the density of the sun is only about one-quarter that of the earth, so that it would weigh only as much as 330,000 earths. In very round numbers the sun's weight may be stated at two octillion tons, which, if expressed in figures, would require almost as many ciphers as a newspaper line can accommodate.

A very comprehensive illustration of the pygmean dimensions of the earth as compared with the sun is to represent the latter by a globe two feet in diameter and the earth by a dainty pea. And yet the little pea weighs more than six quintillion tons. As to the solar surface, it is some 12,000 times that of our planet. Yet the sun when compared with its twin peers the stars, is not only of extraordinary size, but in all probability is only to be ranked among the medium sort in those bells which sparkle in "heaven's etna vault." And because of its spottedness it has a place, although a humble one, among the "variable stars."

FATE AND A NAME.

John, When Borne by Royalty, Seems Linked With Misfortune.

It is interesting and somewhat curious to note the persistence with which misfortune has dogged the name of "John" when borne by royal persons, although no ill omen seems to attach to it in the case of ordinary citizens.

For instance, King John of England has always been regarded, whether altogether justly or not, as a most infamous prince. John of France was taken captive by the Black Prince, and John Baliol of Scotland was most thoroughly despised by his countrymen on account of his fawning attitude toward the English. Robert III. of Scotland changed his name from John, but this did not save him from his destiny. He himself was a cripple and died of a broken heart, the most tragic fates having overtaken almost dear to him.

John I. of Bohemia was blind. The Pope John I. was imprisoned by the king of the Goths, and Pope John X. was driven from Rome by the Duke of Tuscany. Pope John XI. was imprisoned by his brother and is supposed to have been poisoned, a fate similar to that of Pope John XIV. Pope John XV. was forced to flee from Rome and died of fever in Tuscany. John XVI., dubbed the "antipope" after a troubled career, was brutally tortured and consigned to a dungeon for the brief remainder of his life.

John I. of Constantinople was poisoned; John II. was killed while hunting wild boar, and John III. was dethroned, his eyes put out and left to die in prison. John I. of Castile was killed by a fall from his horse.

This is not by any means a complete list of the unlucky Johns, but it serves to show the fatality which seems to cling about the name in so far as royalty is concerned.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dough.

Dough is made out of wheat, real estate, all literature and magazine articles. But dough made of wheat is no stickler than any other. Dough is the prior fact to bread, motor cars, steam yachts and collections of old books. It is the staff of high life. It hustles matrimony and purveys the lovely scandals we read about. It gets girls sent off to college and fitted to be something more spectacular than mere wives and mothers. It curses them that go in for it, but not unto the third and fourth generations. We are for good spenders for that. It is from dough that the dowdy, the dull and the dotty derive distinction otherwise denied.—Puck.

An Orkney Prayer.

The brevity of the Orkney summer precluding the raising of hardly any thing except oats ("aits") and barley, the elders had requested the minister to pray for good harvest weather. He complied as follows: "Lord, gie us braw weather and a wee bit saugh or a breeze that will dree the straw and will nae harm the heads, but if ye blaw us sic a blatherin', rivin', tearin' blast as we has been ha'in' ye'll play the vera mischief wi' the aits and fairly spoil a'l."

Ill Bred.

"Mamma, the scenery abroad must be very ill bred."

"Scenery ill bred, my child? What do you mean?"

"This book on Alpine climbing says, 'A terrible abyss yawned before them.'"—London Tit-Bits.

We never find that the same soil produces delicacies and heroes.—Hesiod.

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Anne's Way of Winning.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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Young Mrs. Maxwell was in tears. All her happy plans were overturned, and just because a faithless maid had failed to put in an appearance. It was only history—domestic history—repeating itself, but Mrs. Maxwell was too newly married to look upon the misfortune in the light of anything but a purely personal affliction.

Her husband found her disconsolately stirring the cereal for breakfast, while the hot tears ran unheeded down her flushed cheeks.

"Aren't you afraid the oatmeal will be a little too salty, sweetheart?" he asked jovially, at the same time kissing away a few of the salty drops from her eyelids.

"How can you joke, Bob?" she gasped between sobs that now burst out afresh. "She—she didn't come."

"Who? Bridget? Well, never mind, dearest; that's a trick they all play. I don't care what we have for breakfast."

"But Mr. Cabot does. Is he up yet?"

"Not Jack! He sleeps and sleeps on Sunday mornings. And he won't care if we skip breakfast altogether. You don't know him as well as I do, Norah. You see, I roomed with him two years when I was a—bachelor. He's the best natured fellow living—present company excepted. If he wasn't, I would never have consented to this three cornered loving cup. Here, hand me a spoon, dear! I'll make the coffee."

The "three cornered loving cup" was an arrangement by which the Maxwells had agreed to let Bob's chum, Jack Cabot, share their cozy apartment and take breakfast with them, thus giving them the pleasure of using his piano and the luxury of keeping a maid. It had seemed the coolest scheme imaginable, but behold it, on the very first morning after Jack's arrival, shattered discouragingly!

In the midst of Bob and Norah's joint preparations for breakfast the doorbell rang unexpectedly.

"She's come!" exclaimed Norah triumphantly as she rushed breathlessly to the door. Bob stood on the kitchen threshold, listening.

"Oh, it's you!" he heard Norah say in a tone of unmistakable disappointment.

"Well, is that all the welcome I get?" responded a cheery young voice.

"I thought you were the cook," was Norah's half apologetic, half laughing reply.

"Hello, Anne Morris!" called Bob hospitably from the kitchen. "Stay and have breakfast with us."

"Breakfast!" returned Anne, pretending to be shocked. "You lazy, lazy people! Why, I'm out for my morning constitutional. Boarder arrived?" she asked mischievously.

"Oh, yes," answered Norah resignedly. "Mr. Cabot's here, of course, but not a sign of the cook."

"Look here," suggested Anne suddenly. "I'm a dandy cook and engage to get your breakfast on the spot." And without waiting for approval or invitation she began to toss off her coat and hat.

"Oh, dear!" said Norah flutteringly. "Mr. Cabot is coming. I heard his door open. Hurry, Anne!"

Once in the kitchen Anne rolled up her shirt waist sleeves and arrayed herself in one of Norah's comprehensive gingham aprons.

"Now, you both skiddoo!" she commanded. "Just leave everything to me. The idea of a bride and groom getting breakfast for a boarder!"

Norah's greeting to "the boarder" when she reached the living room was most cordial.

"Good morning, Mr. Cabot. You slept well apparently, Bob and I have been up this long time."

"I hope you didn't keep breakfast waiting, Mrs. Maxwell. Did your maid put in an early appearance?"

"No; she didn't come—come as early as I expected. But breakfast is ready now."

Anne, becomingly decked in frilly cap and apron, served the grape fruit irreproachably. When she had left the dining room Bob cleared his throat and ventured a comment.

"Fairly good looking, isn't she?"

Jack looked up absentmindedly from his paper. "Mrs. Maxwell?" he inquired. "Of course, Bob; of course!"

"I was speaking of the maid," Bob corrected, his tone indicative of wounded feelings.

"Oh, I didn't notice. Will be more observing next time."

And he was. In fact, so observing was he that Anne became quite embarrassed, and Bob and Norah with difficulty kept their faces straight.

"She's a peach, Mrs. Maxwell!" Jack exclaimed after Anne's second disappearance. "Where did you find her? She seems decidedly above the ordinary type."

"Oh, she first dropped in," replied Norah casually, "and asked for the place."

"Well, you've got treasure. I hope she won't prove too cocky for her position."

Breakfast over, the men lingered at the table to smoke and read their papers, Anne meanwhile clearing away the dishes. When a second time Jack looked up and caught Bob smiling at the waitress in an outrageously flirtatious manner, he could stand it no longer.

"Bob," he remonstrated as soon as Anne was out of sight, "this will never do in the world. Why, old man, you can't keep a servant at all if you condescend to flirt with her. What under the canopy are you thinking about?"

"I'll reform," promised Bob meekly. "I just thought if we jollied her along a bit perhaps she'd be more contented."

"That's a very weak bluff, Bob, and as the mental, moral and matrimonial adviser of this happy home I must insist on your ignoring the presence of the maid altogether."

"But you'll be making eyes at her yourself in less than a week," Bob retorted. "If we're fortunate enough to keep her that long."

Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"I might like to, but I have more discretion," he replied sententiously. "After all, we old bachelors are the steady ones."

On the other side of the dining room door, doubled up with laughter, stood Anne and Norah plotting the downfall of the "discreet bachelor."

"No; he just takes breakfast with us," whispered Norah.

"Then I'm coming over to wait on the table every morning," whispered Anne.

"You can't," objected Norah, "because on week days he breakfasts before we do. He has to start into town earlier than Bob does."

"So much the better," giggled Anne.

The arrangement worked out smoothly enough for the next three mornings, Jack and Anne got on capitally together, but all in quite a discreet and proper way of course.

On the fourth morning, however, as Anne tripped quietly out of the dining room after serving him, Jack looked up just in time to catch her reflection in the sideboard mirror as she, unconscious of this betrayal, blew him an audacious kiss from the tips of her fingers.

It gave Jack a thrill that somehow, for a little thing, upset the equilibrium of his workaday world to a most remarkable degree. Nevertheless on the following day, for reasons best known to herself, Anne chose to be haughty. She neglected to bring him his cream for his coffee and the syrup for his waffles. He was obliged to ring for her several times. Each time she was haughtier than the last, and once, through that same transparent go-between, he distinctly saw her make up a face at him. It was such a comical little face that he nearly laughed outright. But he checked himself and decided to try a course of discipline instead.

"Anne," he said, and his voice sounded almost stern, "I want you to dust the piano keys. You may do it now. They were so dusty last night it was agony to play on them."

Anne stared at him a moment in unconcealed astonishment, then flounced into the kitchen. The next moment she flounced back again, ostentatiously flapping a dust cloth.

At the first awful discordant crash that followed close upon her disappearance Jack gritted his teeth and held on to his chair. At the second he got up and walked determinedly into the living room.

"If you could be a little more careful," he suggested icily.

Anne shot him an inscrutable look from the corner of her eye, sat down after a flourish of the piano stool and began to dash off a Chopin waltz with a brilliancy of touch that left Jack speechless with astonishment.

After she had struck the last fortissimo chord she remained motionless, her hands resting on the keys.

Jack came toward her until he stood looking down upon her.

"Who are you?" he asked finally, "girl or witch or goddess?"

Anne covered her blushing cheeks with her hands.

Jack tried to take them down again, but she would not let him.

"It makes no difference who you are, Anne," he said at length huskily. "You need not tell me. All that matters is that I love you, and all that I want to know is do you—"

But Anne had run away from him. She ran straight into Norah, who was coming down the hall.

"Why, Anne Morris!" Norah exclaimed. "What is the matter?"

For answer Anne pulled off her miniature headgear and her ruffled apron and said laconically, "Introduce me."

Then Norah guessed and, holding Anne's hand in a tight little squeeze, went back with her to the living room.

"Mr. Cabot," she began dramatically, forgetting to say good morning, "I want you to know my very dear friend, Anne Morris. Anne, this is Mr. Jack Cabot, a bachelor friend of my husband's. Oh," she added, stooping just long enough to note the mingled consternation and joy upon Jack's countenance, "I just must go and tell Bob."

"Tell him what?" flashed Anne. But Norah had disappeared.

"Can't you guess?" pleaded Jack, holding out his arms to her. "Isn't it going to be true—what Norah tells Bob?"

Anne let his arms close about her. "I'm awfully afraid I've spoiled you," whispered Anne roguishly.

"Don't you worry about that," laughed Jack. "But this time I'm going to get the kiss that I saw in the mirror."

Anne protested, but he got it.

Sixteenth Century Surgery.

Surgery in the sixteenth century was by no means the refined and gently humane science of the present day. Anaesthetics and antiseptics were unknown, and the operating theater was often just where the poor patient fell. In one of the many battles in which the fighting Duke of Guise engaged he was knocked down by an arrow from the enemy's ranks, which pierced his head between the nose and one of the eyes. Pare, the famous French surgeon, was on the field, and he immediately put his foot on the duke's face and drew the arrow out by sheer brute force. The operation inconvenienced the duke somewhat, but he survived it and lived to be assassinated.

His Bachelor's Degree.

"I'm so happy," said Mrs. Oldcastle. "My son is to get his bachelor's degree this year."

"Is he?" replied her hostess. "Well, I can't blame you for feelin' as you do about it. I never thought much of that snippy Wilson girl he's been goin' with. How did you get the match broke off?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Forests.

A true forest is not merely a storehouse full of wood, but, as it were, a factory of wood and at the same time a reservoir of water. When you help to preserve our forests or to plant new ones, you are acting the part of good citizens.—Roosevelt.

THE QUADRANT.

How the Idea of the Device Came to Thomas Godfrey.

Concerning Thomas Godfrey, a famous American mathematician, there is an interesting account in the "Literary History of Philadelphia."

Thomas Godfrey was a glazier. He seemed to be one of the most singular phenomena that ever appeared in the learned world.

One day while at work at his trade a young girl came to a pump and filled a pail with water, which was left upon the sidewalk. The sun's rays were reflected from Godfrey's glass to the pail of water and then to his eye, thus completing a triangle. This is said to have suggested to the glazier's mind the idea which in 1730 became the basis for the double reflecting sea quadrant.

Prior to this time English mariners had been using Davis' bow to ascertain their latitude at sea, but it could not be adjusted in a storm. Godfrey gave the subject careful study, taught himself Latin in order to read Newton's "Principia" and endeavored to have the value of the invention recognized in England. While thus engaged he determined to have the device tested on a ship bound for the West Indies. In Jamaica the quadrant was exhibited or presented to an English sea captain. Thus the important discovery came into the possession of Hadley, a mathematical instrument maker in London, whose name it usually bears. In spite of the long exertions of influential Americans of the eighteenth century to have Godfrey's claims established and honored.

TESTING DRUGS.

Ergotine Is Tried on Chickens, Digitalis on Frogs.

A lot of sorry looking chickens, dogs and cats loafed in the back, ill smelling yard of the great chemical plant.

"We use these animals to test our drugs on," said the chemist. "They come in very handy. They more than earn their board.

"Ergotine is a drug we test on chickens. It is a simple test. If a dose of ergotine fails to turn a chicken's comb black, we know that the drug is for some reason or other worthless.

"Hashcesh we test on dogs. Hashcesh is made of female hemp buds. Male hemp buds have no medicinal value, yet some dishonest dealers put male buds on the market, and since they resemble the female buds precisely it is impossible to detect them save by an actual test. Dogs given hashcesh get drunk and happy if the stuff is good.

"Digitalis, the heart stimulant, is tested on frogs. We inject a drop of it into a frog's stomach, and in the kymograph, or heart recording machine, we study the changes that take place in the frog's heart action. Thus we get a very accurate knowledge of what our digitalis can do.

"Do we ever test drugs on ourselves? Oh, yes, indeed, often. Chemists have lost their lives, chemists have gone incurably insane, through too rash a bravery in testing drugs on their own persons."—Los Angeles Times.

ENGLISH RED TAPE.

War Office Methods and the Test of a Mountain Gun.

The story that a gun of marvelous possibilities invented in England may be sold abroad owing to the apathy of the powers that be is not altogether surprising.

Whitworth refused Napoleon III.'s offer of $200,000 a year for life to go to Paris and manufacture his cannon for the French army, but perhaps our war office was not so faddy then as now.

Some little time ago a new gun for hill fighting was offered and was sent out to India to be tried. It was dragged up steep hills, rushed down rocky defiles, left for a week at a time in mountain torrents—in fact, submitted to all the tests which a veteran officer accustomed to war with the hill tribes could suggest.

The report was satisfactory in every respect, but a war office genius blandly asked if the gun had been dropped down a precipice. It had not.

The war office was horrified and amazed at the neglect of so elementary a test. The gun was now dropped down a precipice with the inevitable result—its internals were irremediably damaged.

How was it possible the war office asked, to accept such a weapon? And the army of India was left to potter along with obsolete weapons because this new arm would not stand impossible tests.—London Sketch.

AWAY—BELOW ZERO.

The Awful Cold That Comes With Eighty Degrees of Frost.

It is difficult to form any conception of the degree of cold represented by 80 degrees of frost that at times prevails in certain parts of Russia. Sir Leopold McClintock tells us how in one of his arctic expeditions a sailor was foolish enough to do some outdoor work at precisely this temperature. His hands froze, and when he rushed into the cabin and plunged one of them into a basin of water so cold was the hand that the water was instantly converted into a block of ice.

At 25 degrees, Dr. Kane says, "the mustache and underlip form pendulous bonds of dangling ice. Put out your tongue, and it instantly freezes to this icy crusting. Your chin has a trick of freezing to your upper jaw by the happy aid of your beard. My eyes have often been so glued as to show that even a wink was unsafe."

During a theatrical performance given by the crew of his ship at an inside temperature of 30 degrees "the condensation was so excessive that we could barely see the performers. Their hands steamed. When an excited Thespian took off his coat it smoked like a dish of potatoes. Any extra vehemence of delivery was accompanied by volumes of smoke."—Pearson's Weekly.

Not a Matter of Choice.

Columbia Alumnus—That woman on the debate team is intolerable. You wouldn't like to debate with a woman, would you? Cornell Alumnus—Got so I don't mind it now. Been married five years.—New York Tribune.

A Wrong Diagnosis.

The small boy with the big bundle of papers was observed to be manipulating some of his stock in the street fountain.

"Ah, my lad," said a benevolent old gentleman, "it does me good to see you so industrious and clean-handed."

"What do yer mean, boss?" asked the boy as he stared up in wonder.

"Why, aren't you trying to wash the mud spots off the edge of your papers?"

"No, boss; you are way off. You see, some of dese papers is two weeks old, an' if I dampen 'em up a bit people will think they are just from de press an' never think of lookin' at de date. Good guess, old sport! Say, some day when I am a captain of industry I'll give you a job."

But the benevolent old gentleman had fled.—Boston Post.

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